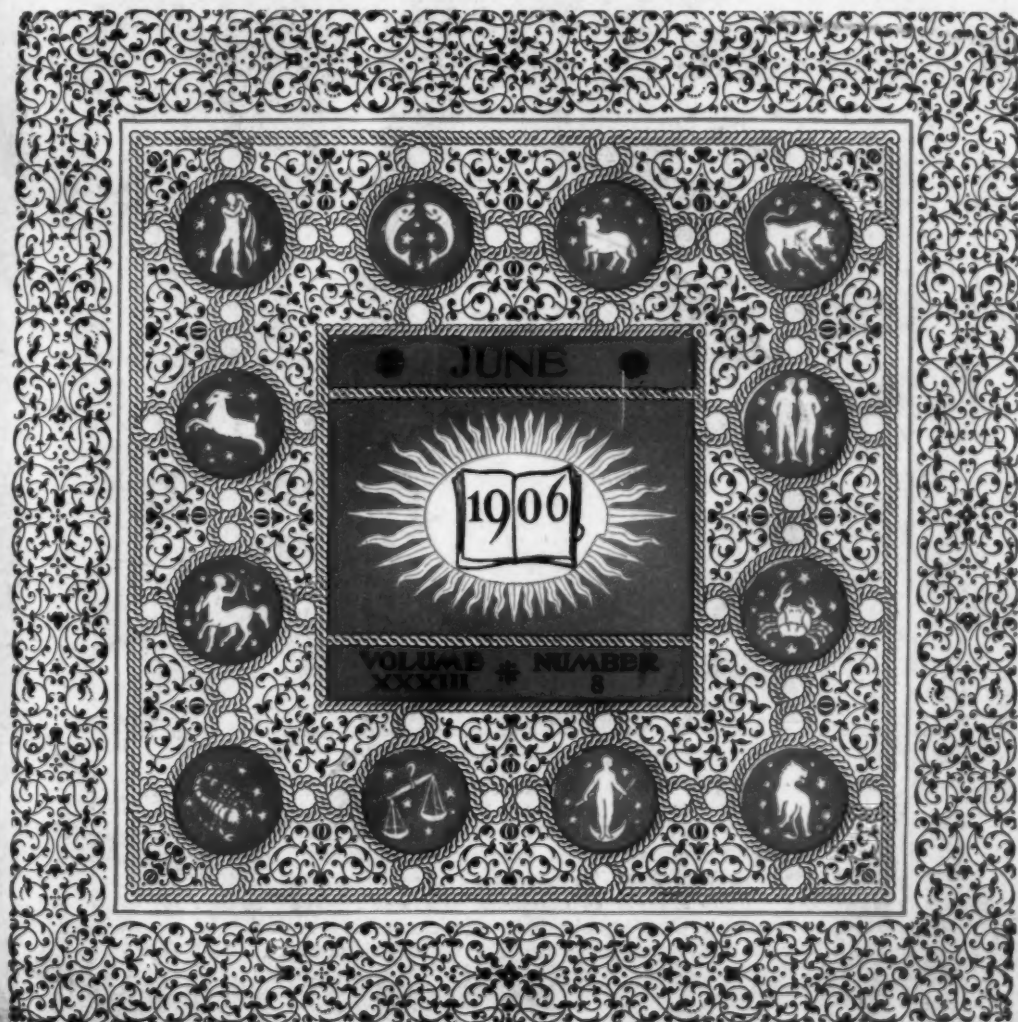


THE JUNE NUMBER

# ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE  
FOR YOUNG FOLKS



MACMILLAN AND CO. L'TD, ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON

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# Swift's Little Cooking Lessons

## Silver Leaf Lard



### Rich Strawberry Shortcake

Two cups flour;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar; 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt; few grains of nutmeg; 1 egg;  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup butter;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  tablespoonfuls SILVER LEAF LARD;  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup milk. Mix dry ingredients together. Add egg well beaten, then the milk. Mix thoroughly and bake in two shallow tins. When done and cool put between the two cakes and on top a layer of berries which have stood for some time mixed with sugar. Over top put whipped cream and garnish with whole fresh berries. Serve as sauce the juice of berries crushed in sugar.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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BY JENNETTE LEE

FOR truthful simplicity and wholesome philosophy of life this little volume of "Uncle William" outranks any recently published fiction. It belongs to the David Harum class, but is a far more artistic piece of work, being well rounded and nicely proportioned, showing the master workman.

*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"A Character to Warm Your Heart."

*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Uncle William is lazy, unconscionably lazy. The best thing he can see about the "artist business" is that it is a "settin' one." But he has a way of doing his duty, that is, whatever happens to be next his hand—"jest livin' along" he calls it. And there is a curious friendship between him and his rather crusty old neighbor, Andy. Andy ought to have been a mean man, so the artist says, but "he hain't, no, not so to speak," as Uncle William explains. "There's mean spots—rocks; you have to steer some, but it's sandy bottom if you know how to make it." Uncle William knows how, and, as he says, he has anchored on Andy a good many years. *The story has all the charm of a perfectly painted picture.* One will not soon forget the little house on the cliff, glowing with turkey red calico furnishings; the cat purring contentedly in the warm depths; the ship's lantern swinging in the window, and the big massive form of the old man reaching for his spectacles behind the clock, preparatory to making the chowder—the crude, homely comfort of it all. It is a love story, too, for is there not an artist and a girl?

*New York Globe.*

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(besides "Uncle William.")

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Illustrated by Relyea.

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Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N.Y.



85-86.



"‘THE YOUNG RASCAL,’ MUTTERED THE HERR PROFESSOR."

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXIII.

JUNE, 1906.

No. 8

## The Master Hand

By  
Caroline Dale Parke



It was four o'clock. School was out and the sunshine had gone. Klaus came into the sober front parlor, his round cheeks red with the cold, and lit the candles for his practice hour. Wonderful the candles were to Klaus, for father and mother had brought the silver candlesticks from Germany in that dim past before the dawn of things, when little Klaus was not.

Time was, a year ago, when Klaus had hated his fiddle to the very pegs. But it had happened late one afternoon, when Klaus was watching the strange, slow boats on the canal, that he had heard somebody playing in an upper room near by, — playing so softly that Klaus had to creep into the alley to hear. From there he could catch a glimpse through a window of a white, powerful hand sweeping in soft, sure curves, a motion that seemed part of the sound itself.

Of a sudden the hand quivered like a bird hovering, and a great shower of notes came fluttering down into the alley. That was "bouncing-bow," the impossible feat to Klaus, whose bow drew so slantingly over the strings or became so cramped in his fingers.

Then there was a moment's pause, and Klaus was turning to go home when a wonderful melody rang out in the twilight. It was so

real, so lovely and full of a gentleness all new to Klaus, that he stopped, trembling. Poor little Klaus! he listened and listened, wondering at first, then forgetting even to wonder, so tender of heart was he.

Long after the music had ceased, Klaus stood there in the narrow place against the wall. When he came out, the canal lay like smooth gold between straight banks, and the very air was filled with golden motes out of the setting sun. The old City Hospital looked like a castle against the light; and down the canal a few blocks away a boat floated upon the gold, so still, so strange, it seemed to Klaus as though it, too, could think and listen even as he went home scarcely knowing when he turned the corner.

When we have lived in this wonderful world awhile we find that to each of us comes an hour like the hour of sunrise. Such to Klaus—though he did not know it—was that evening hour when he listened against the wall. He did not know why he began to practice more carefully, or why he slipped away from other boys, to listen to the string quartette that rehearsed on Saturdays in his father's room.

But his father, who played the 'cello so many years to give Klaus bread and butter—the

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wise father saw and understood; and because he was wise he said nothing, until one day he came in and caught Klaus playing very sweetly and clearly on his fiddle. Then he took him by the hand and led him over to the great professor at the Music College, who received him without a word into his class. And it became Klaus's one ambition to hear the old professor say thoughtfully and slowly, when the lesson was finished: "Good! good! Now do better next time."

But the praises were few and the frowns came almost every day. So it was that on this winter afternoon Klaus came in haste to light the fire and the candles. He set his fiddle against his knee and pulled its little black ears to put it in tune. Then he began to practise bow-exercises before a mirror, carefully and with that patience which is given just to certain years of our life. The Herr Professor had called him "stupid, stupid!" and the cold boyish fingers trembled on the finger-board remembering it. "Practice is to think," he had added with wise uplifted finger—"to think, so fine, so clear! Lessons do nothing—only that." And so Klaus set his face hard toward the task.

Presently he was roused by some one brushing along the narrow hall, and two of the orchestra men pushed slowly in, leading his father.

"He slipped on the ice," said one. "It's his left wrist."

Klaus seemed to be dreaming. His father sank into the big chair, while one of the men carried the 'cello over to the corner, setting it down in silence. As he did so the father looked up and made a gesture that frightened Klaus. Could it be that he would not play again—his father, who had played always?

It was a busy evening. Grandmother brought down the liniment which she had made herself, so much better than any doctor's; mother with pale, set face ran hastily up and down the stair. But upon the subject of the 'cello they kept silence. It stood in its corner, its polished scroll curving nobly, its graceful back, of which father was so proud, glimmering with elusive lights and shadows. Klaus passed its corner by with averted face and swelling tears.

That night Klaus found his mother sitting pale and wearied-looking by the kitchen fire.

"You are tired," he said; "you must rest now a little."

"Oh, Klaus, what shall we do?" She spoke suddenly, dropping her two hands together upon her lap. "There is so little money now."

"Oh, don't, mother," he said, as she bent her head and hid her face from him. "Don't! I will help you."

"I will help you," he said again in a new voice. And his mother rose and laid her head against his shoulder as if he had been a man. Then they went up-stairs together.

Next morning Klaus went stamping down the street, blowing his fingers for the cold. He found his way to the office of the bandmaster.

"What can you play?" he asked, looking doubtfully at Klaus's red face.

"I can play—anything!" Klaus felt that he could—that morning. "Just try me once," and Klaus's face lighted with a smile. "Well," said the bandmaster, slowly. "Perhaps—Could you play the cymbals?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then come this afternoon at two. There is a funeral."

Surely never beat so happy a heart at a funeral as that of Klaus as he marched along the street behind the glittering bass-horn. Klaus played with a will, striking the cymbals past each other with the same free movement that men had used before him in old Egypt, before the days of Christ. The powerful sound of them seemed to surround him and to shiver through his very veins. But every few moments the edge of the disks in his unskilled hands came striking sharply against his wrists, so that they bled from the cuts.

That night Klaus dropped two shining silver thalers into his mother's apron.

But a reckoning came on the morrow when Klaus must go to his lesson, for the cuts on his wrists grew stiff and sore in the night, and his hands were swollen.

"Never mind the bow-exercise to-day. We will take first the *étude*," said the professor, as he tuned Klaus's violin to save time.

Klaus began—

"*Sapristi!* The bow is slanted," cried the Herr Professor, striking Klaus's stick off the strings, in a temper. "So, again!"



And Klaus began again at the beginning, only to play worse than ever.

"It's my hands," he said, with a little struggle in his throat.

"Not the hands merely, but a stupid care-

sternly, and Klaus obeyed in trembling haste. He had known pupils who were sent home from the lesson, but it had never happened to him before. As he opened the door the master called to him:

"I will come soon to thy house. I will see thy father." But Klaus paid no heed to further disgrace or rebuke. He turned for hiding into a vacant room. The tears were mastering him, and he was far too miserable to take up at once the thread of his childish day.

Presently he heard the master's heavy, emphatic step go down the hall and away. Klaus longed to run after him to beg for just five minutes—for a single moment, even—of trial. But the footsteps died into silence while he hesitated. Then Klaus, tenacious little German that he was, crept back into the master's room, determined to wait for his return and beg his lesson once more.

The Herr Professor had no thought of returning, but went briskly along the bank of the canal and up the crowded ways. At Klaus's door-step he stood quite still, rubbing the back of his head, and saying between his teeth, "*Blockhead! Fool! What am I doing?*" Then he turned away. At the corner he met the horn-player who had helped to bring Klaus's father to his home.

"Are you going to Herr Kunckle's?" he demanded. "What can you say to him? What can you say to that poor fellow? He has broken his left wrist. Why, man, he will never play again! Do you understand?"

"Yes," said the horn-player, moving his big feet uneasily, as if he had been caught in mischief. "But one must say something. You would n't—"

"Say something! *Ach Himmel!* That is a worse stupidity than mine. But go—go! Perhaps you understand to comfort. Never to play—and such a tone—such good, wholesome playing! *Ach Himmel!*" and with a great gesture the Herr Professor strode back to the Music College.

Klaus had crept back into the master's alcove, musty with old German books and music. He was silent as the master came in. He had no wish to spy, but how could he speak when the master was striding up and down? Klaus quite



"HE SET HIS FIDDLE AGAINST HIS KNEE AND PULLED ITS LITTLE BLACK EARS TO PUT IT IN TUNE."

lessness," returned the Herr Professor, striding scornfully up the narrow room.

"No, truly it is the hands," pleaded Klaus. "I cut them yesterday on the cymbals."

"On the cymbals!" repeated the master, stopping directly before Klaus. "Dreadful, dreadful! Put up the fiddle," he continued,

lost his courage and forgot all that had been in his heart to say. Presently, without warning, the master whipped open his double fiddle-case and took from it his precious Guarnerius. Was Klaus to hear him play, indeed! In the lessons, he had given only fragments in burning tones, runs clipped thrilling from the fingerboard, or again only a word or a gesture that showed the heart of things. Now he was to play! The violin trembled and rang under the attack of his opening chords, and then the clear "first melody" soared forth, rich as the color of tulips in the sun — the very melody that had uplifted the heart of Klaus long ago in the spring twilight, when he had listened in the alleyway — that had held him, flitting now, now coming to him in full light. Long hours had Klaus himself wrestled with it when he was alone — now remembering and again filling in the lost spaces with his own musical thought, playing, humming, crying sometimes with eagerness and vexation. Why had he not known before? That white hand, that tone, they all were his master's.

Klaus came out of his corner as if he had been called; his face had upon it a look of wisdom and wonder, as of something hidden away in the heart that cannot speak.

The master saw him and stopped.

"Klaus, child, art thou still here? What is it with thee? Wilt thou play?" for Klaus's eyes were fixed upon the violin.

"Yes — oh, let me try," said Klaus, breathlessly, quite forgetting the injured hands.

He tucked the precious Guarnerius under his chin. His bow wandered a little, for he could not master the chords; then from him also floated the marvelous melody. The boy's tone was different from his master's, very crude at times, but ever and again struggling out of its bands into glorious fulness and individuality. It was the heart of Klaus, and none other. The

Herr Professor had sometimes seen its faint forth-shadowing, but never anything so full and complete, for Klaus had never before played for him anything he could love supremely. The melody came to a close, and Klaus went on with his own improvisation, threading his way to the second melody which remained in his memory.

"The young rascal!" muttered the Herr Professor.

He walked to the end of the room, nodding his head, listening with closed eyes, or following with uplifted finger the trend of a modulation. As Klaus stood there the music possessed him, swaying his body never so lightly, as if it were breathing upon a flame, giving to his head now and then a motion of emphasis in which were both joy and power. Klaus had forgotten the master's presence. It was only when he had closed the music with full, slowly declining notes that he became shy again, and longed to lay by the violin and run away.

But the Herr Professor laid his hands on his shoulders, looking down into his face as Klaus had never seen him look before.

"Klaus, dear child, dear child," he said softly, "you are to play. Remember, it is a God-gift to you. Do not imagine it is yourself."

He still held him, looking at him, and Klaus had no words to answer.

Suddenly the Herr Professor's face brightened. "Come," he said. "Let us go to that good father of thine. He shall play again in his son. I was an old *blockhead* before."

Klaus watched him, wondering, as he bundled himself again into his greatcoat with its broad fur collar. Then the master took Klaus by the hand and they went out together.

People who passed them on the street wondered where the great musician had found the shy, rosy-cheeked boy, and why he smiled so lovingly upon him, as if he were his own.





Each has a garden in his heart,  
 My mother says;—the thoughts are seeds,  
 And, soon or late, they all come up,  
 And blossom into deeds.  
 I'd like mine to be beautiful,  
 And not just full of weeds.

*May Morgan.*



## "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

BY DOROTHY BROOKS.

MISS AMY BRADFORD, teacher of the sixth grade of the Bellamy grammar school, stood before the blackboard, and upon its dark surface there appeared in her clear, upright handwriting the names,

PAULINE DINSMORE  
 DORIS FOLLANSBEE  
 MARJORIE CLIFFORD

GLADYS HAMILTON  
 MILDRED DAVIDSON  
 MARY ANN BEAN.

There was an audible titter among the girls, but one little head in the front row drooped, and on the instant a crimson flush mounted up to the roots of the owner's pretty auburn hair.

It was hard enough to be born a Bean, but as that was a matter of inheritance and had to be, it did seem as if the name given her might have been chosen a little more kindly. Mary alone, she would have welcomed gladly; Ann, she would have borne without complaint; but the two combined made Mary Ann cringe when any one spoke to her. Had her mother lived, perhaps she might have been allowed to write it Mary A., but Aunt Harriet was inflexible.

Once her schoolmate Doris had sent her a note addressed to MISS MARIAN BEANE. But

Aunt Harriet took it from the postman, held it at arm's length and studied it severely.

"There is no one of that name here," she said calmly, giving it back.

"O Aunt Harriet, it's from Doris. She means me! She—we—thought you wouldn't mind, just for once."

"Mary Ann," said her aunt, and the name had never sounded so portentous, "It was my mother's name. You should feel it an honor to bear it. If you ever come to be as good a woman as your grandmother, your name will deserve and will have the respect of every one who knows you."

Mary Ann was subdued but not convinced. That ended it as far as any attempt to soften this affliction went. But her name was not poor little Mary Ann's only cross. There were her hair, and her clothes. It was really too bad about the hair, for if treated kindly it would have been the loveliest in the Bellamy School, of that reddish gold tint so dear to artists; long, abundant, and rippling from the roots. But Aunt Harriet brushed and combed, and combed and brushed so vigorously, and braided so tightly, with ends securely tied, that the ripple almost straightened out in despair.

And now as the warm days approached, gingham blue, and gingham pink, gingham plaided, and gingham striped, all made with pretty yokes or guimpes, made the school yard look like an animated flower garden, and Mary Ann in her dark brown linen (made over from one of her aunt's) like a dull little grub in the midst of a flock of butterflies.

"A fine material!" declared Aunt Harriet, holding it up to the light; "not another girl in school will have a dress of such quality. It will wear forever."

"I'm sure it will," said poor Mary Ann with unconscious irony, as she donned it the third season.

But to-day it seemed worse than usual. A sense of injustice, of being different from the other girls and at a disadvantage, welled up from her heart and overflowed the blue eyes. By a strange chance, the prettiest, most musical names in the class were those that preceded hers. Miss Bradford had not meant it unkindly. She had simply indicated the pupils in

her room who would take special parts in the afternoon exercises, for it was a great day for the sixth grade of the Bellamy School.

"You have all heard," said their teacher, "of Miss Sybil Harrington, the authoress."

Of course they had. Within a few years her name had become known wherever the English language was read, and old and young alike delighted in her genius.

"She is an old college friend of mine," said Miss Bradford, "and as she is the guest of some friends near here this week, she has promised to come in and visit my class this afternoon. Now, girls and boys," with an anxious glance towards the more strenuous side of the room—"I depend upon you, one and all, to do credit to our class and the school."

Mary Ann's keen little face, all alive with delighted anticipation, responded eagerly to every word the teacher uttered. Not one there was so familiar with Miss Harrington's writings as she; not one cherished so intense an enthusiasm for the writer. Indeed, at this period, Mary Ann's admiration for literary ability amounted to a passion. To write, to be able to put into words all the lovely thoughts that came into one's mind so that the world would like to read them,—that seemed to her a summit so high that while she never expected to reach it herself, she could look up with awe to all who had worthily won their spurs. She had never seen a live authoress, and to think that one was to be in their midst that day!

"There is not time to prepare anything new," said Miss Bradford, "but Pauline and Doris will repeat the recitations they gave us Memorial Day; Marjorie and Gladys will play their duet; Mildred will sing; and Mary Ann," with an affectionate glance at the eager little face, "will read her last composition."

Mary Ann gasped. It was an honor, but rather an appalling one, to read anything of her own before the distinguished visitor; but Mary Ann was not lacking in courage, which rose to the occasion now; and it was with trembling hands but determined spirit that, when school was dismissed, she remained behind and took from her desk the composition, to see if it could in any way be improved before the ordeal of reading it that afternoon.



But as she did so, her eyes fell again upon the blackboard, and the despised name stared her in the face.

Miss Bradford had stepped out into the corridor and was busily talking with the principal, and the little girl was alone in the room, save for one boy, a new scholar, who had come in that morning.

As she looked, the Y of Mary and the A of Ann seemed to dwindle in size, and the final N to vanish altogether. How easy it would be to change Miss Bradford's writing just a little, and then behold! The names transformed danced before her eyes in couples,

PAULINE AND DORIS.  
MARJORIE AND GLADYS.  
MILDRED AND MARIAN!

"I'll do it!" declared Mary Ann aloud.

She slipped from her seat and ran swiftly to the board. The eraser was in her hand; it rested on the Y, when a voice exclaimed,

"I say! I would n't."

Dumbfounded, Mary Ann turned to see the new boy standing beside her. He was not a handsome boy, but he had a strong face with frank brown eyes and a good chin; a face that promised well for the man he would be by and by. But Mary Ann eyed him indignantly.

"What is it to you?" she demanded, "can't I do as I please with my own?"

"Why, I suppose you can," said the boy slowly, "if—if it doesn't hurt anybody else; but somehow, with names, you know, it most always does."

Mary Ann dropped the eraser and hid her face in her hands, but she could not shut out a vision of Aunt Harriet's accusing eyes, and Grandmother Bean looking just like the portrait in the front parlor, only the face wore such a grieved and hurt expression; and worst of all, she seemed to see herself, a little four-year-old girl, led into a sick room where her father lay, and she felt his hand stroking her hair as he murmured,

"My little Mary Ann, you were named for one of the best women in the world. Try and be like her."

"O dear, O dear," she cried, looking up at the boy beside her, "You don't know, you never

can know, how wicked that name has made me!"

"Don't I? Well, you'd better believe I *do* know. That's what made me speak. My name's—" he looked down in some confusion, grew red in the face, hesitated, then—squaring his shoulders, said bravely:

"My name's Hezekiah!"

"Oh!!" said Mary Ann.

And then, as a twinkle of amusement came into the brown eyes, the blue ones responded, and boy and girl went off into such a peal of laughter that Miss Bradford came hurrying back into the room in alarm.

Mary Ann skipped home from school quite merrily that noon. Somehow a companion in misery made the burden of her name so much lighter.

Aunt Harriet relaxed so far as to allow her small niece to wear her Sunday muslin for the great occasion. It was made to the ankles to allow for growth, and was guiltless of ruffle or furbelow of any sort, but its tint was a lovely lavender, and Mary Ann was secretly conscious that she looked uncommonly well in it. The white hair ribbons were all in evidence this afternoon, making the room look as if a flock of white doves had settled upon the heads of half its occupants. But Mary Ann, as she left the dressing-room, smoothed down the lavender muslin with satisfaction, gave her hair a savage little pull which brought down two stray locks on either side, and as she took her seat was almost content.

To tell the truth, she was a little disappointed that Miss Harrington looked so very much like any other well-bred young woman. I don't know just what she expected, but I think at least she looked for an inky forefinger and rather dishevelled hair; whereas Miss Harrington, in immaculate white from head to foot, her fluffy Pompadour in as good order as Fashion allows one to be in these days, and her slender white fingers with their manicured nails and glittering rings, was suggestive of anything but the typical bluestocking. The frank delight she took in all the efforts put forth for her entertainment showed her to be quite unspoiled, though so famous, and everything on the program was carried out remarkably

well. The Memorial Day recitations with their mingled patriotism and pathos were almost as thrilling as on the day for which they were written, and as usual caused the tender-hearted among the girls to sniff audibly, and the boys to square their shoulders and shuffle their feet uneasily under the desks to hide their feelings. The musical portion of the day's program went with unusual spirit, and Marjorie, Gladys and Mildred returned to their seats covered with glory, and the envy of all their classmates. Miss Harrington appeared pleased with all, but when Miss Bradford said,

"Now we are to listen to a composition," and the quaint little figure in the old-fashioned muslin mounted the platform, her face lighted with a new interest, and she leaned forward and listened with eyes that never left the young reader until it ended.

"The dear!" she said softly to her friend. "They were all interesting, but she is unique! May I say a word to them, Amy?"

And then, turning to the rows of expectant young faces before her, in a few appreciative words she told them how much she had enjoyed their pleasant entertainment.

"Where all who took part have done so well," she said, "perhaps it would be ungracious to praise any one especially, but I cannot refrain from telling the writer of that composition that in my judgment it was an uncommonly good one. It was well expressed, well read, and—best of all—it was original. We shall look for more some day from the pen

of—of—" she glanced at the list of names on the board.

She was coming to it! She would see it,—the queer little name, so different from the others! And the owner of it shivered as she waited.

But suddenly Miss Harrington uttered an exclamation which sounded very much like one of delight, and then—to the astonishment of



the whole room—she stepped down from the platform to Mary Ann's seat, put both arms around the little girl, and exclaimed,

"Mary Ann Bean! Tell me, dear, where did you get that name?"

"It was my grandmother's," faltered Mary Ann, apologetically, as one who would say, "I did n't choose it. Please don't blame me."

"I knew it!" cried the young lady, delight-

edly, "and her name before she married was Mary Ann Thatcher? And she lived in the City of S—in Massachusetts? And she taught school there?"

"Yes, yes. It was. She did," said Mary Ann, nodding a wondering assent.

"And one day—perhaps you have heard the story—a fire broke out in the school-house. It was before the day of fire-drills in schools; but Miss Thatcher's room was up at the top of the building, and she—always fearful of just such a peril—had her scholars well in hand. Her coolness and presence of mind reassured the other teachers, who at first were panic stricken, and under her lead the children were all marched out safely before the fire had made much headway. All? No; one little girl who had been naughty that afternoon had been sent into an attic room to stay an hour as a punishment. In the excitement of the time she was forgotten until the others were in the street. Then the young teacher missed her; and although the men tried to hold her back, she rushed up the burning stairway, up to the attic where lay the little culprit, utterly unconscious of danger, fast asleep! Yes, they were both rescued, else you and I, Mary Ann, would not be here to-day, for the little girl was my mother. We have tried for years to find a trace of that brave teacher, for after a while she married and left S—, and her pupils knew nothing of her afterwards.

"It seems to me, Mary Ann," added the young lady, whimsically, "that you and I will just *have* to be friends. We can't escape it!"

AFTER this exciting interruption in the exercises of the afternoon, what a change of atmosphere there was, to be sure! Before she left the school-house, Mary Ann had been invited to share a cocoanut cake with Gladys, to try Pauline's return-ball, and to take a ride with Doris in her father's new automobile the following Saturday. I am glad to say that she

was very sweet and gracious towards all these friendly advances, so that we must forgive the bit of elation with which she answered Mildred's invitation to walk home with her,—

"I am to take Miss Harrington home with *me*, to call on Aunt Harriet."

When that call came to an end, Miss Harrington turned to her hostess,

"My mother must see this little girl of yours, Miss Bean, and as she is not well enough to come here, I see no other way than for Mary Ann to come to Boston and spend the Christmas vacation with us. We shall be away from the city until October. We will take very good care of her. Will you come, Mary Ann?"

Would she? Words quite failed the child to answer this lovely proposal, but she just looked up into her new friend's face with such rapturous eyes that the young lady felt her own grow dim. She glanced about her. At the good woman, who—no doubt—had done her best by the child, but who—it was plainly evident—never came near the real Mary Ann; at the well-furnished room, where a speck of dust would never be allowed to settle, nor a young creature to frolic. And she bent to kiss the child.

That evening when Mary Ann had taken her candle, said good-night, and left the room, some impulse prompted her aunt to follow her. A flicker of light came from the little-used front parlor. Miss Harriet went softly to the door, and looked in.

On the old claw-footed sofa stood Mary Ann, her candle held high in her hand. It lighted the portrait of Grandmother Bean above, and shone down on the red-gold hair and quaint little figure beneath. Suddenly, standing on tip-toe, Mary Ann gently kissed the face of the old portrait, and murmured under her breath,

"Grandmother, dear Grandmother Bean, forgive me! I'll *never* be ashamed of our name again!"



## THE PIRATE

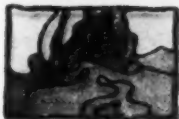
HELENA SHARPSTEEN

I WANT to be a pirate  
And sail upon the Sea,  
And wear a sword so no one dare  
Say "do" and "don't" to me.

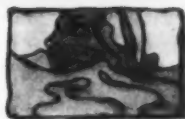
I want to take a hundred men  
And step upon the shore,  
To meet a hundred thousand there  
And "leave them in their gore."





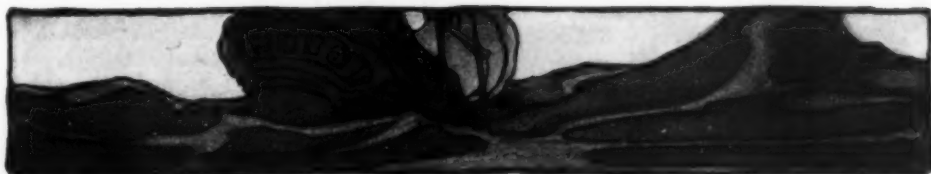


I want to find a cave of gold,  
And, after fighting hard  
With "might and main, set sail again"  
And hide it in our yard.



I want to have a great big ship  
And sail before the breeze,  
'Till everyone shall say I am  
The "Terror of the Seas!"

But I am sure that Captain Kydd  
Would have grown up a lamb  
If his mamma had been like mine  
And caught him "looting" jam!



## A HOME-MADE FLAG

BY HATTIE VOSE HALL.

PIERRE MICHAUD was learning to be an American. The busy city with its great cotton-mills, where his father had come to work, was a change indeed from the green Canadian fields where he and his sister Marie had played so happily, but he had one great pleasure,—he went to an American school, and he loved Miss Sargent, his American teacher.

Miss Sargent had to teach her little pupils to speak English as well as to read and spell, for none of them were little American children. There were François and Xavier Tetrault, who lived next to Pierre; there were Antonio and Christina Polidori, two little Italians who lived across the street; there was chubby Hans Baumgärtner, who lived around the corner; there was Rebecca Michelson, who wore scarlet ribbons on her black braids, the smartest child in Miss Sargent's room—and Miss Sargent was trying to make little American citizens of them all.

It was the day before Memorial Day. Miss Sargent was asking questions.

"Now, children," she said, "what day is to-morrow? You may answer, Xavier."

"C'est le jour," began Xavier.

"He speaks the French," interrupted little Antonio.

"We speak English in this school," said Miss Sargent.

"You may answer, Rebecca."

"It is the day of memory," said the little Jewess.

"Yes," said her teacher, "Rebecca is right. It is the day of memory, the day when we remember the men who fought for this dear land, and those who died for their country. And what do we use to decorate with on this day of memory?"

"C'est le drapeau!" cried Xavier again.

"Who knows in English? What is our

American word for this beautiful thing we all love?"

"The flag! The flag!" cried all the children.

"Well," said Miss Sargent, "I want every one of you to-morrow to have a flag flying from your window, to show that though your fathers and mothers are Italians, or French, or German, or Russian, you respect the memory of the men who saved this country of ours, and want to grow up good American citizens. School is dismissed."

Pierre walked slowly home. He was trying to think how he could keep this memory day. He was still thinking, when his mother crept softly from the house, bringing bread and milk to the children, that they might eat on the doorstep, for their father, who was ill, was asleep and must not be disturbed. Pierre looked down at his worn shoes, at Marie's faded hair-ribbon. There was no money for flags in that family; since the father had fallen ill, six weeks before, their mother had done laundry-work at home, that the children might have bread. Pierre wished he could earn a little money. But people did their own errands in the foreign quarter, and his mother would not let him go away from home. She feared the crowded, busy streets, the hurrying trolley cars, the swift automobiles. Little Marie finished her bread and milk; she did not go to school, but Pierre was teaching her to be a good American citizen too. A man carrying a small flag walked up the street.

"What is that, Marie?" cried her brother.

"C'est l'homme," answered the child.

"Speak the English!" cried her brother.

"C'est le man!" said Marie, laughing.

"A man with a flag," corrected her brother.

"Hello, there's Rebecca!" Rebecca Michelson was carrying proudly a bright new flag.

"See, Pierre!" she cried, "the red, white and

blue! I shall it from my window hang. Where then is thine?"

"The money I have not," said Pierre, slowly. "Our money goes to Monsieur the doctor."

Rebecca nodded and passed along. Across the street Christina and Antonio were hanging tiny flags from their fourth story window. "Me,

comrades, with a detail of eight men, bearing wreaths and flags, stopped short before the door of the Michauds' home. Something was draped over it. It was fearfully and wonderfully made. The stripes were of different widths and very crooked, and some of the stars, made of old cotton cloth, were five-pointed and some six, and they were pasted into an irregular field of blue, but Sergeant Howe knew what it was. Pierre and Marie sat proudly beneath it, and the gay colors glowed in the morning sun.

"French Johnny's kids, boys," said Sergeant Howe. He halted his little squad. "Attention! Salute the colors!" The kind-hearted Grand Army men gravely saluted, not a smile on a single face. Pierre stood up, his face glowing.

"O, thank you!" he said. "We made it, the flag; we have not all the stars put in, there was not cloth, some are not quite straight, nor all the stripes. We are Americans, Marie and I, but we could buy no flag, my father is sick!"

"That's too bad," said the Sergeant, kindly; "you did well to make a flag."

"What do you with so many flags?" asked Pierre. Eben Howe looked at him in astonishment. Was there a child in the United States who did not know the customs of Memorial Day? Then he remembered. "That's the way we keep the day, sonny," he answered gently. "We mark all the comrades' graves with a flag and a wreath, so as to show we have n't forgotten them. We're going to Mount Hope now,—Want to come along? You can carry some of the flags if you want to." Pierre needed no second invitation.

"Yes, go, Pierre," cried his little sister, "I of the flag will take care."

It was a long walk to Mount Hope, but to Pierre, bearing flags, the proud progress was all too short. Sergeant Howe sent him with five of the squad across the street to St. Bernard's, while the others performed their gracious errand at Mount Hope. Pierre's companions were four men with long white beards and beautiful white hair, thick and curling under the soft slouch hats, and Henry Owen, a watchman at the mill, whom he knew in his working garb, but whom the Sunday clothes, and the hat with the cord about it, and the G. A. R. button on the blue coat, seemed to transform into a different person.



"PIERRE AND MARIE SAT PROUDLY BENEATH IT."

I would not have one so small!" cried Pierre. "Marie, why can we not make (fabriquer) a flag like Rebecca's?" Marie nodded, "Oui! yes, we can. Is there not my old skirt of scarlet and thy blouse of blue?"

Memorial Day dawned clear and bright. Sergeant Eben Howe, on his way to Mount Hope, to decorate the graves of some of his

The sun shone brightly on the simple crosses above the quiet sleepers, and as the old soldiers removed the frayed and faded flags which had bravely fluttered under a year's storm and sunshine, and placed the beautiful fresh colors in their stead, Pierre felt a strange pride in these men of his faith who had heard and heeded the call of duty in the hour of the nation's need. He touched the white-bearded man gently on the sleeve. "Were you with General Washington?" he asked. Nathan Talbot threw back his head with a hearty laugh, in which Owen joined, but seeing the boy's embarrassment his mirth ceased abruptly, and he answered, "No, lad, I'm not quite old enough for that; I was with General Grant." "And I with General Sherman, 'marching through Georgia'," said Owen, proudly. The strange names held no significance for Pierre. The Civil War was "farther over in history" than Miss Sargent's little pupils had studied, and his knowledge of the Father of his Country was a recent acquisition.

"There, Nate, I guess we've remembered all the Irish comrades," said Owen, as he placed his last wreath on Terence O'Brien's grave. "Poor Terence! He was fighting next to me at Gettysburg when a minie ball struck him in the head, and he never knew what hurt him."

"All these men are strangers to me,—I went

from Maine," answered Talbot, "in the old Nineteenth, same regiment as Howe. We were at Gettysburg, too. There were n't many Irish with us, but there was a lot of 'em in the army,



"SEE, MR. OWEN!" HE CRIED, 'FORTIER'! HE WAS FRENCH, LIKE ME!"

and brave fighters, too. Well, there's one Revolutionary soldier, over in the northwest corner, and then we're through. The Daughters have just put up a tablet for him." The men led the way and Pierre followed slowly. Were all these graves of the Irish, then? Were not the



French brave? or did n't they love this so beautiful country enough to fight for it? He must ask. "Do you have here no French to put flags above? Did we never for the country fight?" he asked.

"French?" asked Talbot, turning around. "No, you folks wa' n't here then; there were French in the South. Beauregard was, but I guess we did n't have any on our side." Pierre felt himself a foreigner again. No reflected glory shone upon him. This was only the American's country, after all. Suddenly his eye caught the name upon the tablet which marked the resting-place of the solitary soldier of the Revolution. "Edouard Fortier" was the name on the shining marble. The blood rushed to Pierre's face, his pulses leaped with joy.

"See, Mr. Owen!" he cried, "Fortier! he was French, like me—O, please read the rest!

"A soldier of the Revolution," read Talbot. "'Born in Paris, France, 1755; died in this city, 1815. A brave soldier of the Count de Rochambeau, he was at Yorktown at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.'" Pierre's eyes danced.

"Then we *were* brave, some of us French!" he cried triumphantly.

"O, yes; there were French in the Revolution," said Talbot. "Lafayette, and the Count here. Eben Howe can tell you all about it. His folks were in the War of Independence."

Howe and the others were waiting for them at the cemetery gate, and Talbot took Pierre to Howe. If the walk up had been a triumphal progress to Pierre, the walk home was ecstasy. Eben Howe was the third of the name. His grandfather, the first Ebenezer, was a "Minute man" in the Lexington Alarm; his father, Ebenezer second, was a seaman under Captain Hull, on the "Constitution," when she fought the *Guerrière*. He himself was the first private to enlist in his company, in the little Maine village which was his birthplace, and he served through the whole Civil War. The fourth Ebenezer was under Roosevelt at San Juan Hill, and received a word of commendation from his colonel—a fact of which his modest father was more proud than of all his own faithful service.

Howe was a quiet man, and a great reader of

history, and the story he told little Pierre on the long walk home of Lafayette and de Rochambeau, of the French troops, and the French money and sympathy, all so freely furnished, made the child supremely happy. "I don't really think the war would have ended when it did," said Howe, in conclusion; "at least we could n't have taken Yorktown without Rochambeau on land, and DeGrasse and DeBarras and their fleets in the Chesapeake. And we Americans owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the French, and we must n't forget it, for they helped make our country free." They had reached the Michauds' home, and Pierre held out his hand to Sergeant Howe with a grateful smile.

"Thank you," he said simply, "if my people helped to free it, it my country is also, and if it ever needs me I will fight, moi, aussi!"

Little Marie was sitting happily playing with her doll, on the step beneath the gay flag. Across the street fluttered the little flags from the Italian tenement house. The Sergeant looked again at the pathetic product of unskilled little fingers, then at the bright face by his side. "Run into the house," he said, "and tell your mother I'm coming in to see her." Pierre obeyed, and Howe turned to the men behind him: "Boys," he said, "it always seems as if these colors were ours—just ours. But when little French children think enough of the flag to make one, it shows us it's theirs, too. And lads like this one are going to love it, and defend it, if there's need. Let's help him along a bit. They're poor, and his father's sick."

"Right you are," said Henry Owen. "I'm glad to help John, he's a good fellow, down on his luck."

"I rather guess we all want to help," said Nathan Talbot. When Howe turned over his collection to Mrs. Michaud, the little Frenchwoman looked the gratitude she could not express. And as Howe joined his comrades they all raised their hats again in salute to the two happy little children under the home-made flag.

When Miss Sargent asked her little pupils how many displayed a flag on Memorial Day, no hand went up more proudly than Pierre Michaud's.

## THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### A DEFEAT, A VICTORY AND A CHALLENGE.

IT'S a peculiar fact that no matter how glad a chap may be to get home he's equally delighted to get back to school. At least, that's the way with most fellows, and it was the way with Roy. Vacation seemed over almost before it had begun, and then, one bright, snowy January morning, when the new year was but a few days old, he woke up to find himself snuggled under the yellow comforter that adorned his bed in the Senior Dormitory. And before he could gather courage to slip even one foot out into the cold there was a rush on the stairs and Chub, all blue pajamas and grins, was on him like a small tornado, had thrown the coverings in all directions and had dragged him out upon the unsympathetic floor. Jack bore down to see justice done, and Tom Forrest, holding a bath robe about him, paused on his way back from the wash-room to watch and give encouragement. Roy and Chub had it out on the next bed, and Chub eventually begged for mercy from beneath a feather pillow. And subsequently they dashed down stairs together and reached the dining room just on the nick of time, feeling like hungry colts.

Yes, it was mighty good to be back again, even though mid-winter exams were due in a few days. Roy had missed Chub and Jack and the others, and even his brother's breathless narrative of the Yale-Harvard game from the point of view of a Crimson right-tackle who had become next year's captain had n't seemed half so wonderful as it would have a year before. Chub's slangy letter regarding the outlook for the Ferry Hill Hockey Team had been much more interesting.

The rink was flooded that afternoon, a round two dozen boys working with a will at the pump which drew water from the river and ran it through an iron pipe into the enclosure. It

was a cold day—the thermometer read eight degrees above at four o'clock—and although the river was frozen only along the banks and out near Fox Island, there was no doubt but that they would have a nice sheet of ice for the morrow's practice. Chub borrowed a thermometer from the kitchen window—without telling any one about it—and hung it outside his own casement. Sid solemnly affirmed that Chub was leaning out of the window reading the thermometer by moonlight every time he woke up. And as Chub observed scathingly that Sid was never known to wake up from the time he went to sleep until he was pulled on to the floor in the morning, Sid's statement doubtless held some truth.

Chub was at Roy's bedside the next morning long before the rising bell had rung. As he had no business there at that time he moved and spoke very cautiously.

"It's four below, Roy!" he whispered.

"Huh?" asked Roy, sleepily.

"It's four below zero, you lazy chump!"

"Who? What?"

"The thermometer! What did you think I was talking about?"

"Thought you might mean the dormitory," answered Roy, now thoroughly awake, drawing the bed clothes closer about him and shivering.

"Pshaw, you're not cold! Come on, get up!"

"Bell rung?"

"No, but it will in a minute."

"Then you'd better sneak out of here before Cobb sees you. There's Ferris got his eye on you now."

"If he tells on me I'll break his neck—tie," answered Chub from between chattering teeth.

"What time is practice?"

"Four o'clock."

"All right. Guess I'll sneak back. I'm going to play cover-point, eh?"

"Yes, I guess so — as long as you last."

Then he dived under the clothes for protection.

That afternoon the hockey team got down to real business. It was rather confused business, to be sure, for many of the two-dozen candidates had never played the game before, and some few of them were none too sure on their feet, or, rather, skates. But Mr. Cobb was on hand, and Roy explained and instructed, too, and soon some order grew out of chaos.

After that every week-day afternoon saw the candidates at work on the rink, save once or twice, when thaws softened the ice. Hockey took hold of the school with a vim, and those who were not entitled to use the rink secured sticks and pucks and went at it on the river. At the end of two weeks of practice a first and a second team had been chosen and games between them occurred daily. Three candidates dropped out; the others, not of first choice, were retained as substitutes and always got into the game for a short while at least. Meanwhile Roy's temporary captaincy had been made permanent by unanimous vote, Jack had been elected Manager and Chub Treasurer. A challenge was drawn up and delivered to Hammond Academy, was accepted and three games were arranged to settle the ice hockey supremacy. The first was scheduled for January 20th, and although a thaw had set in the evening before and made the skating surface far from perfect, the contest came off at three o'clock on the date set.

The team which started the game for Ferry Hill was made up of Rogers, right end, Warren, right center, Kirby, left center, Porter, left end, Eaton, cover-point, Bacon, point, Hadden, goal. But almost all of the substitutes had their chances before the game was over. Roy, Warren and Chub played finely, and Hadden, considering the fact that he had never before played goal in a hockey game, did excellent work and stopped some difficult shots. But Hammond's players were all experienced and the result was not long in doubt. Ferry Hill really deserved commendation for keeping Hammond's score down to eight and for getting two goals herself, the latter in the last period of play. There were many faults to cor-

rect and that game served an excellent purpose if it did no more than show up the weak places on the Ferry Hill team. The stick-work was still pretty ragged, the forwards let their over-eagerness get them into many an off-side play, they failed to follow up as they should have, and Bacon, at point, continually allowed himself to be drawn out of his position. But every fellow played hard and the faults were all such as could be largely remedied in subsequent practice.

A few days later a challenge to play a game with Prentice Military Academy on the latter's rink came by telephone and Jack accepted. The team, attended by fully two-thirds of the school, journeyed down to Prentice the following Saturday afternoon and won its first game by a score of 6 to 4. This sounds better than it really was, for Prentice could n't boast of a very strong team. However, the result of the game encouraged Ferry Hill, and the fellows went to work again on Monday afternoon with redoubled vigor. Jack Rogers, who had not been playing as well as he was capable of, found himself about this time and developed rapidly into a hard, fast forward, passing brilliantly and making an excellent team-mate for Warren, who, next to Roy, was the best member of the team. By the time the second Hammond game arrived many of the more glaring faults had been eliminated. Bacon had fallen back to substitute, his place at point having been won by Gallup.

Ferry Hill crossed to Hammond that afternoon for the second game of the series, resolved to even things up by winning one contest at least of the three. And, in spite of the fact that she was on unfamiliar ice, and that the cheers of Ferry Hill's handful of supporters were quite drowned out by the throng of Hammondites, she succeeded. The first half ended with the score 3 to 1 in favor of the Cherry and Black, after Ferry Hill had played on the defensive almost every minute of the time. But in the last period Ferry Hill took a brace, got the puck away from her opponent a few minutes after play began and scored her second goal. She followed this less than two minutes later with a third, so tying the score. After that play was fast and furious. Ferry Hill forced it hard.

The next try-at-goal was by Hammond, and although it looked as though the puck entered the cage and bounded out, the goal was not allowed. Hammond had a good deal to say about that and play came to a standstill for several minutes. But the referee, a gentleman of their own choosing, held to his decision. But even had that goal been awarded to Hammond the game would still have gone to Ferry Hill, for Jack Rogers and Warren, playing together like veterans, took the puck down the rink when play was resumed and shot a goal that could not be questioned. That goal was Jack's second. Hammond made it interesting for the Brown and White after that, making try after try, but Hadden stopped everything that reached him. With only a very few minutes to play Kirby stole the rubber from a Hammond forward, passed it to Roy across the rink and followed up in time to receive it back again near the center. He lost it for an instant, recovered it, shot it against the boards ahead of Roy, who found it as it caromed away, checked the Hammond point and gave Roy a clean chance at the cage. Roy took the chance and lifted the puck past goal's knees. There was no more scoring and 5 to 3 were the final figures. Ferry Hill went home very well pleased with herself, and no one received more praise than Hadden, whose steady, brilliant work at the goal had contributed more than anything else to the victory.

The final game of the series was not due until two weeks later and during those two weeks Ferry Hill worked like Trojans. But before that final contest was decided Ferry Hill and Hammond had again met on the ice and tried conclusions, and although there was no hockey in this contest it was quite as exciting while it lasted. It came about in this way:

Hammond's right-end and captain was a big yellow-haired chap named Schonberg, a brilliant player and a wonderful skater if the tales one heard of him were true. Possibly the fact that in the recent game Roy, who opposed him, had outplayed him, wounded his vanity. At all events, a few days after the game, Horace Burlen approached Jack Rogers one morning with an open letter in his hand and a frown on his brow showing evident anxiety.

"Look at this thing from Hammond, will you, Jack?" he said. "They've challenged us to a skating race on the river. Any time and any distance we like, they say; hang their cheek!"

Jack stopped and read the letter.

"Well, I guess they've got us there," he said. "I don't know of any fellow who would stand the ghost of a chance against that fellow Schonberg."

"Well, I hate to refuse," replied Horace importantly. "It seems to me we ought to accept the challenge even if we get beaten."

"I suppose we ought," said Jack, "but you'll find it pretty hard to find a fellow willing to try conclusions with Schonberg."

"I'd try it myself," said Horace, carelessly, "but I'm terribly out of practice; have n't been on the ice more than two or three times this winter."

"You be blowed!" answered Jack, impolitely. "Why Schonberg would leave you standing still! Me, too, for that matter. I'll talk the thing over with Roy Porter."

"Think he would stand any show?" asked Horace.

"Roy? I don't know. He's a pretty good skater on the rink, but I don't know what he can do at any distance."

"Well, if he likes to try, he may," said Horace magnanimously.

"I'll tell him so," replied Jack, dryly. "You need n't send any answer for a day or so, and meanwhile we'll see what can be done. It seems too bad not even to try; I'd hate to have Hammond think we were afraid of her or that we were n't willing to risk a defeat. Yes, I'll speak to Roy and see what he suggests."

"Well, of course you understand," said Horace, "that the matter is in my charge. If you can find anyone, all right; only you'd better let me know about it before you call the thing decided; I might not approve of the fellow."

"Oh, that's all right. Maybe, after all, you'd better find a chap yourself. I'm rather busy just now with exams—"

"No, you go ahead," interrupted Horace, quickly. "What I was trying to get at was— Well, you understand, Jack; Porter does n't like me, you know, and I don't know what he

might do; you spoke of consulting him, you know."

"Well, if we find any fellow he'll probably be one of the hockey men, and, since Roy's the captain, it seems to me—"

"Oh, all right. You see what we can do."

Half an hour later Jack was talking it over with Roy.

"I don't know what you can do at racing," he said, "but if you think you'd make any sort

in the delicate matter of deciding which one of the three was to be kept and which two were to be given away to friends at Miss Cutler's. That momentous question decided and the attractive points of the three little bunches of fur having been set forth by Harry, Roy made the rounds of the "cages," as he called the various boxes and receptacles which held the pets. Methuselah had long ago recovered the full use of his voice and was willing to prove the fact on



ROY GIVING INSTRUCTION IN HOCKEY.

of a showing, I think you ought to try. But you can do as you like."

"I wouldn't stand any chance with that Dutchman," answered Roy, "but if you can't find anyone else I'll race him. I don't mind being beaten."

So the matter stood for the rest of the day, in fact until the next forenoon. Then Roy was paying a call on the menagerie between examinations at the invitation of Harry, who had just become the very proud possessor of a litter of three Angora kittens. Roy's advice was wanted

any occasion. He had become quite attached to Roy and would sit on the edge of his box with eyes closed in seraphic bliss as long as Roy would scratch his head. To-day he talked incessantly from the time they entered the "winter quarters," which was an old harness room in a corner of the smaller stable, until they left to walk back over the ice-crusted boards to School Hall. It was during that walk that Roy chanced to tell of Hammond's challenge. Harry was intensely "patriotic" and the situation worried her for several minutes.



"There is n't a boy here that can skate," she said, scornfully. "They're all duffers. Unless—" she shot a glance at Roy—"unless you can?"

"Not much," answered her companion. "I can work around a rink all right enough, but I never skated in a race in my life."

"Then we'll be beaten," said Harry, dolefully. "And I hate that Iceberg boy."

"Schonberg," corrected Roy laughingly.

"Well, some kind of an old berg. I wish—" Harry paused and walked for a minute in silence. Then she turned with sparkling eyes. "I know!" she cried.

"What do you know?"

"There's just one—person here that would stand any chance with Iceberg."

"Who is he?"

"It isn't a he," answered Harry, mysteriously.

"Not a he? Then who—what—?"

"It's me, stupid!"

"You? But—!"

"Now don't you go and make a lot of objections," cried Harry. "I know I'm not a boy, but I belong to the school—and I can skate; you ask any of the boys; ask Chub or Jack—or Horace. So it's all settled. All you've got to do is to write and tell Hammond that we'll race them any afternoon that the ice will bear. But you need n't say it's me, you know. See? Tell them we have n't decided yet—No, that would n't be the truth, would it, for we have decided; at least, I have. Just tell them that—that we'll race them, and don't say anything more."

"That's great," laughed Roy, "and if Jack—and Horace—are willing, I am. And I hope you'll beat him, Harry. How far do you want to race? They said any distance."

"Then we'll decide that when the time comes," answered Harry. "Maybe a mile, maybe a quarter; we'll see how the ice is, and the wind and all that. And you'd better arrange it for a week from to-day, and I'll just practice up all I can. That's all settled then, is n't it?"

"It certainly sounds so," laughed Roy. "And," he added as the clock in School Hall tower rang eleven, "I wish you'd settle my Latin exam as easily!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

### JUST FOR THE SCHOOL.

THERE was a stiff, biting wind blowing straight down the river, nipping the fingers and toes of the crowd about the landing and whirling away the smoke from the chimney of the boat house. Overhead, the winter sky was leaden and sullen clouds were driving southward. Underfoot the ice rang hard as steel, and save for a space in mid-river, was as smooth as a mirror. It was well on toward four o'clock and already the shadows along the banks hinted of coming night. Hammond and Ferry Hill were hobnobbing about the boat house stove or out on the ice in front of the landing. The terms of the race had been arranged and the big, yellow-haired Schonberg was idly cutting figures in and out of the group to keep himself warm. The race was to be a half-mile long, starting here at the Ferry Hill landing, crossing as straight as a strip of weak ice would permit to a point on the Hammond side of the river and returning again to the landing, finishing at a mark indicated by an empty nail keg and a broken soap box set some twenty yards from shore. All that remained of the preliminaries was for Ferry Hill to produce her entry. Mr. Cobb, who was to act as starter, timer, judge and everything else of an official sort, looked at his watch and announced that it was time to start. Schonberg stopped his capers, removed his sweater and skated to the mark, looking about with pardonable curiosity for a sight of his adversary. Just then Horace and also Harry, who had kept on her sweater, emerged from the throng and joined him.

"This is Mr. Schonberg, Harry," said Horace. "Schonberg, my cousin, Miss Emery."

Harry bowed gravely in her best society manner and Schonberg made a futile grab at his knit cap.

"Happy to meet you," he muttered. Then, possibly for want of something better to say, he turned to Horace and asked:

"When are you chaps going to be ready?"

"We're ready now," answered Horace soberly. Schonberg looked about him. The crowd had surrounded the mark by this time and Mr. Cobb had his watch in hand.

"Where's your man, Burlen?" asked Custis, Hammond's senior class president.

"Right here," answered Horace, indicating Harry. "Miss Emery is our man."

Hammond howled with laughter. Harry's cheeks reddened and her eyes flashed.

"You're joking, are n't you?" asked Custis.

"Not at all," replied Horace impatiently.

"But, I say Burlen, that's poppycock, you know! We did n't challenge a girl's school!"

"That's all right," said Burlen. "We said we'd race you, and we will. Miss Emery is Doctor Emery's daughter and she belongs to the school just as much as any of us. If you're afraid to race her —"

"Don't be a fool! Of course we're not afraid, but — but it's such nonsense!"

"Course it is," broke in Schonberg. "I did n't come over here to race a girl!"

"Then you shouldn't have agreed to our terms," answered Jack, joining the discussion. "We told you plainly in our letter that we would race you if you'd allow us to name our entry any time before the race. We've decided and there she is. If you have any idea, Schonberg, that you've got an easy thing — well, just try it. Miss Emery's our best skater, and she's so good that we're not ashamed to acknowledge it. And as we knew that Schonberg, was an A1 skater we thought our best would n't be any too good."

"Oh, all right," said Custis, with a shrug of his shoulders, "if you insist I guess we're willing."

"I'm not," said Schonberg, "I won't race a girl."

And Schonberg held out for many minutes and had to be argued with, and coaxed by, half the Hammond contingent. But finally he yielded, though with ill grace, and took his place at the mark.

"All right," he said, "I'm ready."

Harry took her place a yard away, the throng pushed back and Mr. Cobb drew out his starting pistol. Those of the boys who were on skates, and most of them were, prepared to follow the contestants.

Harry wore a brown sweater and a short grey skirt. Her skating boots were securely fastened to a pair of long-bladed racing skates.

Her head was bare and the wind blew her red tresses about her face as she awaited the signal. There was a little spot of intense color in each cheek and her blue eyes flashed venomously when Schonberg turned to glance at her half contemptuously. If she had needed any incentive to do her level best within the next few minutes Schonberg's pronunciation of the word "girl" had supplied it. Harry was insulted and indignant, and Roy, watching her from a little distance, guessed something of her feelings and took hope. No one really expected Harry to win. That a fourteen-year-old girl should beat a seventeen-year-old boy was out of the question. Schonberg, too, was known to be as good a skater as Hammond had had for many years. But every fellow had implicit faith in Harry and knew that she would give the Hammond skater as hard a race as he had ever had. Mr. Cobb raised his pistol.

"On your mark! Get ready! Set!"

Then the pistol spoke sharply on the winter air and the two contestants, the brown sweater and the red jersey, shot ahead in a mad scramble. The throng followed and for a moment the ring of steel on the hard ice was the only sound. Then the racers, having found their paces, settled down to work. They were side by side, a bare three yards dividing them. Just behind them skated the foremost of the spectators, Roy and Warren and Jack leading. If Schonberg had entertained any idea of having the race to himself he was disillusioned during the first fifty yards. Once he threw a glance at the girl. After that he settled down to work and wasted no time. He skated wonderfully well and even the throng of Ferry Hill boys behind could not but envy him his speed and grace. Body well over, legs gliding back and forth from the hips, head up and arms kept rather close in, Schonberg fairly flew over the ice.

And beside him sped Harry.

Harry was not the accomplished skater that her rival was. She was graceful and she had speed, but she showed far more effort than did the Hammond boy, her strides being shorter and her little brown-clad arms swinging back and forth like bits of machinery. Half way across it became necessary to hold well to the

right to avoid the patch of weak ice, but Harry was the last to leave the straight course and Schonberg had to either spurt ahead of her and bear up-river or fall behind. He chose the latter alternative, eased his pace a moment, shot behind her and made for the lowest point

yards from shore to serve as a turning mark. Harry had lost ground during the last few moments, in spite of the fact that she had held closer to the direct course between shore and shore, and was now fully twenty feet behind. Few of the audience went beyond mid-stream,

but stopped there and watched the racers reach the farther mark, swing around inside of it and turn back across the river. From where Roy and Jack stood it looked as though Harry had made up a little of her lost ground, but it was hard to tell at that distance.

"He will simply skate away from her coming back," said Jack.

"She's making a dandy race, though," Roy responded. "I didn't think she'd do as well as she has, did you?"

"Yes, but I've seen Harry skate before this. Gee! Just look at the way that Dutchman is coming!"

Already Schonberg was half way across to them, heading for where they stood at the up-stream end of the snow-ice. Behind him, how far behind it was difficult to de-



"SCHONBERG MADE A LAST DESPAIRING EFFORT WHEN TWENTY FEET FROM THE LINE."

of safe ice. For a moment longer Harry clung to her straight course. Then she swung up stream a trifle and followed him a yard behind, seemingly paying but little heed to the streaks of snow-ice ahead.

Schonberg rounded the danger point and made straight for the farther bank where the limb of a black birch had been placed a few

termine, came Harry, a brown and grey spot in the deepening twilight. Jack and Roy turned and followed the others slowly back toward the finish. When next they looked around Schonberg was almost up to them and Harry —

"Where the dickens is she?" cried Roy.

"There," answered Jack, pointing, "What's she up to? She can't be going to try that weak ice!"

But plainly she was. Not one foot from the direct line between turning point and finish did Harry swerve. Schonberg was well up-stream from her, but no nearer the finish, for he had gone out of his way to avoid the weak ice. Roy shouted a warning and Jack waved wildly, but Harry, if she saw, paid no heed. Straight onward she came, her skates fairly twinkling over the ice, her little body swaying from side to side. Then, before any of the watchers could even turn back to head her off, she was skimming over the white streaks of soft snow-ice.

Roy and Jack and one or two others sped down-stream toward her. Roy strove to remember what it was best to do when folks went through the ice and wondered where there was a rope or a plank. Once his heart stood still for an instant, for Harry had stumbled and nearly fallen. But she found her pace again almost instantly and came on, skirting a black pool of open water. She was gaining on Schonberg at every ring of her skates, and that youth, who had now discovered her tactics, was making for the finish with all his might. Before Roy or Jack had reached the margin of the dangerous stretch Harry had left it behind her and was once more on hard ice. As she swept past at a little distance she glanced up and smiled triumphantly.

"Go on, Harry!" they cried in unison, and turned and sped after her.

She had gained many yards over Schonberg and as their converging paths brought them nearer and nearer together this gain became apparent. Roy and Jack skated as hard as they could go, and, being untired, were close up behind Harry when the finish line was a bare fifty feet away. Almost beside them came

Schonberg, his head down and every muscle tense with his efforts to reach the line ahead of his adversary. But he was a good six yards to the bad. Hammond and Ferry Hill filled the twilight with their clamor and the wooded bank threw back the frantic cries of "Come on, Schon!" "Go it, Harry!" "Skate! Skate!"

And skate they did, the cherry-red jersey and the brown sweater. Schonberg made a last despairing effort when twenty feet from the line and fairly ate up the ice, but even as he did so Harry brought her feet together, pulled herself erect and slid over the finish three yards ahead, beating her adversary, as Chub said, "in a walk!"

The throngs surrounded the racers, and Harry, flushed of face, panting and laughing, was applauded and congratulated until the din was deafening. Then Schonberg pushed his way through the ranks of her admirers, his red face smiling stiffly. He held out his hand to Harry and removed his red cap.

"You're a bully skater, Miss Emery," he said, "but I guess you would n't have won if you had n't taken a short cut."

"No, I would n't," answered Harry, with the magnanimity of the conqueror. "You'd have beaten me easily."

Schonberg's smile became more amiable.

"Anyway, I can beat any of the fellows here," he said, recovering some degree of self-sufficiency. And no one contradicted him. "You took big risks when you came across that rotten ice," he went on. "I would n't have tried that for a thousand dollars!"

"You would n't?" asked Harry, opening her blue eyes very wide. "Why, I'd do it any day — and just for the School!"

## PUZZLING.

BY CAROLINE MISCHKA ROBERTS.

"It's odd," said Joe, "When Tom comes here,

We play what he likes best

'Cause Mother says I must consult

The wishes of my guest."

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"Yet when I visit Tom, and plan

To play what I like most,

Then Mother says I must give in

To Tom, 'cause he's my host!"



## THE INVENTION OF SOAP BUBBLES.

BY GRACE LITCHFIELD JACOBS.

It was the most beautiful land imaginable, for the sky was blue with cloudlets sprinkled here and there in snowy heaps; and the flowers never faded, but were always fresh, bright, and fragrant.

It seemed only natural, therefore, that when a wee princess was born to the good King, she should resemble a sweet tiny flower, with her sunny brown hair and great blue eyes softly fringed with long, dark lashes. They called her Pansy, and from her birth the dear little Princess gave no one any trouble, nor caused any disturbance in the royal house.

Now her father's kingdom was a large one, and difficult to manage; for in those days the age had come when people began to make inventions, bringing them to the King to earn money and make themselves famous; but their ruler was not always willing to hear them and grant requests made to him by foolish people who knew not how to invent something which would be of use in the world. For one particular invention, however, the King paid a large sum, and that one was a pipe. Now the King began to like smoking, and the rest of his subjects quickly following his example, the country soon embraced this new diversion.

The little Princess was, of course, very much

interested in the invention, as the King kept her with him most of the time, and Pansy liked nothing better than to be allowed to enter his private study, there to examine with curiosity the pipes which fairly lined its walls,—pipes of wood and clay, and others with amber mouth-pieces, or silver and gold handles; however, her own little play pipe pleased our Princess best of all. It was a very plain little one of clay, with only the moulded figure of a fairy on the bowl, but it was so clean and white and pretty that she had begged her father to let her keep it.

One day the Princess was being washed, for even princesses can get dirty after a morning's romp, and, after her little hands had been dried, she dabbled the pipe around in the soapy water. "I can smoke like daddy," cried the child, laughing gaily as she raised the pipe to her lips and blew through the hollow handle. To her surprise there came from the mouth of the bowl a beautiful filmy ball, through which gleamed colored lights, and showed a distinct reflection of the room, the window, the garden beyond, and the wondering face of little Pansy, as she blew and blew; while the bubble grew larger and larger, so soft and quivering with the air's slightest motion, so beautifully round and trans-



parent, that the Princess, in her delight and surprise, took the pipe from her mouth, laughing aloud with glee. But her smiles changed to tears, as a moment after the soap-bubble, rising

her across the open court-yard; and, raising his little daughter to his knee, her father tried to quiet the child. Could he not, and would he not, give her anything she might desire? Finally



and floating gently in the air before her, suddenly vanished away.

Never before had Pansy or her attendants seen a ball of water filled with air. The little Princess, in her disappointment at its loss, began to weep loudly. Her sobs, which no one could stop, brought the King from his council-cham-

ber across the open court-yard; and, raising his little daughter to his knee, her father tried to quiet the child. Could he not, and would he not, give her anything she might desire? Finally the royal nurse prepared some soapy water, dipped in the fairy pipe, and blew once more. Again that soft, enchanting nothing appeared, and, waving to and fro again vanished as a puff of wind came through the open casement from the balmy air outside. Before the little Princess had time to cry out once more, the King fol-

lowed the maid's example to please his little daughter, and Pansy, finding it as easy to blow her bubbles as to weep over their strange disappearance, dried her eyes and, pushing back her curls, ran out into the garden with her dear plaything. For hours she blew and tossed the bubbles up into the sunlit air, delighting in their graceful, swaying motions, and their bright colors, as they reflected grass and flowers in beautiful harmony.

Tired, as evening came on, our little Princess ordered her supper to be spread in a rustic summer-house near by; and, lying down to wait for the maid's return, she rested her head on her small, plump arms, and gazed up at the blue sky above, then lighted with faint sunset colors of the west. She was tired out with the day's playing, and her new amusement; and, laying her precious pipe beside her on the grass, the little Princess fell asleep. Softly rustled the branches near, swaying in the light wind, and all was quiet, peaceful, and still, as the Princess slept on.

When she awoke it was no longer evening, and the bright sun shone over a beautiful meadow at the edge of a small wood. Pansy rubbed her eyes and smiled, sitting up to look about and admire the silvery streamlet running along not far off. Her next thought was for the pipe, and, turning, she beheld it lying on the grass, and still full of soapy water as she had laid it down. Thinking of her new discovery, Pansy raised it to her lips, and, as she blew gently, it seemed to the child that of all her bubbles this was the brightest, biggest, and best. All at once the bubble shook violently, till it almost broke, and through the mouth of the pipe appeared a tiny thread of gray, almost like a twig. It grew larger and formed itself into a slender figure clad in pink and silvery draperies that fell in graceful folds about the tiny form. The Princess, gazing in her bewilderment, caught her breath in a little gasp. It looked so like the fairy of the pipe which she had always admired and caressed so much. Could it be?

And then she realized that that other wee form had gone, vanished from the outside, and reappeared in the swaying bubble. It was the fairy! She waved her arms above her head as if imploring release, and Pansy, drawing the pipe, tossed the bubble off into the air. As she

watched it, amazed and almost frightened, it rose slowly, swung aloft a moment, and then broke into glittering drops of spray, while the lovely fairy, spreading her silvery wings, flew straight to Pansy's side. As the shining drops of water struck the green grass of the meadow, there sprang up a hundred tiny forms like the other fairy, and joining hands they tripped to and fro before the Princess, who could not talk for her delight.

Then the dainty Queen by the child's side spoke: "Little daughter of the King, thou art not, as I see thou dost think, in the true fairy-land. This country is a land of soap-bubbles. Every bubble, though it seem to fall and vanish, is drawn up into the clouds and there preserved with every tint it first showed thee in the Palace Garden. Wilt come with me, Pansy, and see those which for thy pleasure we have already captured in our Palace of the Sky?"

As the child nodded, the Queen picked a tiny bluebell growing near, and, on her waving it, it gave forth a gay, ringing sound, at which a flock of butterflies flew up to them, and lit upon the ground. Lifting the Princess—who had grown very tiny while the fairy was talking—to the back of a gaudy black and yellow creature, the Queen herself mounted its mate, and away they flew, up, up into the air.

"Dear Fairy," cried Pansy, in her sweet little voice, "where are you taking me to? Where is your palace and the bubbles you have promised that I shall see?"

"Look ahead of thee at that bank of snow-white clouds, my Princess," called back the Queen, pointing before her with the bluebell she still held. "Doth it not resemble, as we draw nearer, a domed palace with many turrets?"

And as they approached, Pansy could see she spoke truly. The great transparent palace rose stately and beautiful, surrounded by rose-colored clouds of mist. As they left the butterflies and entered the vast portal, Pansy exclaimed in surprise, "It is a soap-bubble! It is certainly all a soap-bubble! How beautiful it is!" And she was right; from the topmost dome all the sun's brilliant rays sent misty tints of pink, blue, and yellow throughout the great room, which now appeared as the centre of a vast soap-bubble,

with no outlet. Hanging from the dome by filmy golden cords were all the beautiful bubbles blown from the fairy pipe. The places where they had been blown were also pictured on them. The Princess saw herself reflected,

"And will all the rest that I blow be brought here?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the Queen, "every one; for the Palace will grow larger if it cannot hold them all."



"FOR HOURS SHE BLEW AND TOSSED THE BUBBLES UP INTO THE SUNLIT AIR."

"IT GREW LARGER AND FORMED ITSELF INTO A SLENDER FIGURE CLAD IN PINK."

"HANGING FROM THE DOME BY FILMY GOLDEN CORDS WERE THE BEAUTIFUL BUBBLES."

sitting on the King's knee, while he blew and the maid held the basin of water near by. There were scenes from the garden,—her dog chasing the snow-white rabbit; her parrot perched on his swing with open beak, as if screaming loudly. Pansy laughed a delighted little laugh.

"And may I touch one—only one?"

"Ah, no," answered her companion quickly. "If thou, an earthly Princess, shouldst even by accident, touch one of these fairy things, thou wouldst destroy them utterly. Shouldst wish to visit us again, dear Pansy, or see the Bubble

Palace, gaze from thy casement in the castle at a bank of clouds like this. Perhaps, if thou think'st strongly on what thou'st seen in our cloudland, thou wilt perchance get another view of our palace, or see me wave my hand to thee, which I will surely do. Come, my Princess, I have one other wonder which thou

her eyes was a daintily spread table, and her nurse and maid sitting at the other side of the rustic summer-house, which she had left so long—long ago. Or was it so long? And what had come between? All, her playing—and the pipe—and the dream—and then of a sudden little Princess Pansy began to weep. The kind nurse hurried forward, catching the child in her arms with fond caresses. Still she cried: "They have gone, they have gone—all the pretty fairies—all my bubbles—I shall never, never see them any more!"

When her father took her in his arms that evening, as he came to say good-night to the little Princess, he sternly forbade the nurses to laugh at the child's dream, which she believed had really happened.

"Perhaps it was a fairy, after all, my pretty Pansy, who put the idea into your little head. You, at least, my wee daughter, have made an invention of your own, more beautiful than any other I have heard of or seen," and the good King, kissing her tenderly, laid Pansy back in her little white bed in the royal nursery.

But the Princess was not satisfied; and for more than a month after, she used to stand at her rose-twined casement, looking off at the sky where the little clouds chased each other across its blueness, or piled themselves in snowy heaps. Sometimes she used to fancy that she saw the great shining dome of the Bubble Palace among them, or that a hand waved to her from the battlements; but when she turned her eyes away for a minute, to shade them from the sun's bright rays, and then looked back again, the palace in the sky, or what she had thought resembled it, would be only a white mass of floating clouds, and she would turn away from the window with a sigh of disappointment.

However, as the Princess grew older and began to study and read her books, the dream faded from her memory; but the pipe with the fairy figure on its handle has been preserved by her children, and, though I have never been so lucky as to see it, I feel sure of its existence, and that some day the fairy, spreading her wings, will fly away—up into the eternal blue, and show the way to the famous Bubble Palace in the clouds, visited in her childhood by the little Princess Pansy.



"FOR MORE THAN A MONTH AFTER THAT SHE USED TO STAND AT HER ROSE-TWINED CASEMENT."

must see; be on thy guard, and touch no fairy thing."

So speaking, the Queen led the way to one side; the great portal opened; and they passed through. But as she hurried after the fairy, the Princess slipped, and, falling, struck the threshold of the Bubble Palace, which on the instant vanished away.

Pansy, with a frightened cry, stumbled to her feet and gazed about her in dismay. What met

## A BUBBLE-SONG.

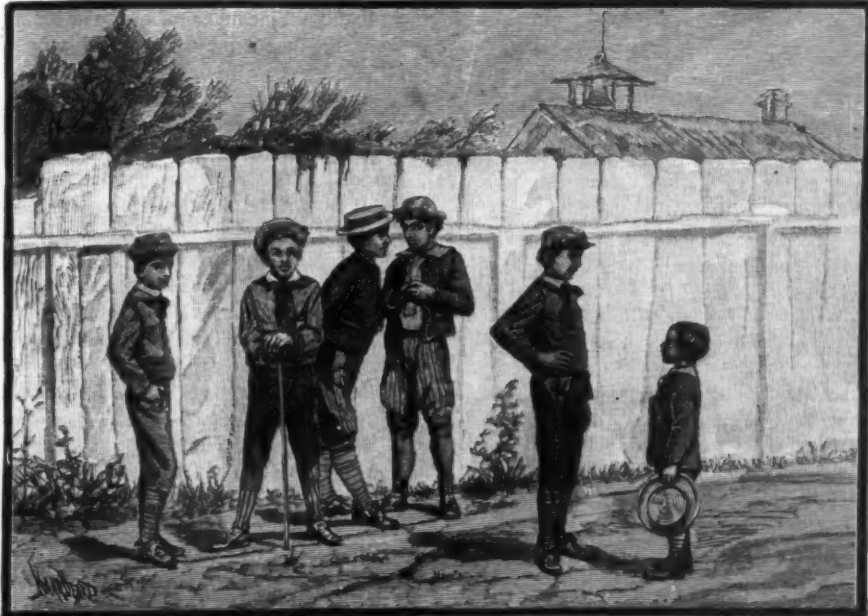


'LL make the soapsuds clear and strong;  
And blow the bubbles, one by one;  
Then we 'll sing our bubble-song —  
Such a merry, foolish one.

We babble of bubbles like this, you know;  
Bibbety-bobble the bubbles go;  
    Bubbling light,  
    Bubbling bright,  
Bubbling bubbles blow.

Bubbles sparkling gay and fair;  
Bubbles tossing in the air!  
See them dance and float along,  
As we sing our bubble-song.

*Carolyn Wells.*



ONE OF THE TRIALS OF BEING THE ELDER BROTHER.

LITTLE JIMMIE: "Say, Ned, mama says you can't go fishing with the boys unless you take me along."



## A TRUE STORY.

BY KATHARINE CLARKE.

How many of the readers of this story have ever owned a Newfoundland dog?

I know of no more faithful animal.

My youngest brother and the dog who is the hero of my story were born on the same day. For this reason, the little puppy was presented to my brother when both were a year old.

At that time my father lived in a very large, old-fashioned house in a small Canadian town.

The place was originally settled by retired British officers who, having brought their families over from England, were living in and around the town, making a delightful social circle within so small a community.

The surrounding country was mostly farm land, the farmers cultivating the soil principally for pasturage, each man owning many head of cattle and numbers of sheep.

Constant complaints were being made by these farmers that the dogs of the town were worrying their cattle, but little attention was given to their complaints until, one day, a farmer whom my father held in high esteem came to tell him that our "Rover," who had now grown from a puppy to a very large, beautiful animal, had killed several of his sheep.

Sorry as my father was to hear this, he did not for one moment believe that Rover was really the culprit.

After some conversation with the farmer, the matter was settled by my father paying him the value of the sheep that had been killed, and promising to keep a strict watch over Rover's movements.

My brother and I were very indignant when told of the accusation; for, loving our dog as we did, we felt him to be quite incapable of such a deed.

The trouble was soon forgotten, however; and in our rambles through the woods the dog was always with us. Indeed, we were

almost never seen abroad without him. My father always had a feeling of safety when Rover went along, especially as the shore of the Otonabee River, which flowed by the lower part of our large garden, was our favorite playground.

Rover was a splendid swimmer, and had any accident befallen either my brother or myself, he would have proved himself quite as useful as any human being.

One of his peculiarities may be worth recording, although it has really nothing to do with my story. On every week-day, as soon as we appeared on the veranda, Rover was always in readiness to accompany us on whatever jaunt we had in mind for that day; but on Sunday he seemed to realize that our walk to church did not include him, and so he remained dozing throughout the entire morning.

One day, as we were returning from one of our rambles, we saw our father coming toward us, looking very solemn; and to our great amazement we heard that Rover was again in disgrace.

This time the farmer would not be reconciled with payment. He demanded that the dog should be killed or sent away.

Our sorrow knew no bounds, for we realized that we and our pet must be parted.

It was suggested that Rover should be sent away for the summer months only, and that as soon as the sheep were housed in their winter quarters he might return to us.

The plan was to lend him to a lumberman, living about twenty miles from our home, who, having a large family, would be more than pleased to accept the dog as a household guardian while he was away cutting timber in the forest.

We knew this lumberman would be a good master, and that Rover would be well taken care of, and that if we persisted in keeping him

with us, he might eventually lose his life; for the law allowed that any animal doing an injury to property might be put to death.

So one day two sorrowful children said good-by to their beloved companion.

Rover was tied behind the stage that passed our house twice a week, and the stage-driver promised to be good to him and to leave him at the home of his new master the next morning.

All that day and the two days following we wandered about, feeling very lonely. Everything seemed dreary without our companion.

On the evening of the third day after Rover's departure we were just saying good-night when, suddenly, a bark and a scratch at the front door brought a loud exclamation from us both—for whose bark was that if not Rover's!

Yes, there he was, our beautiful dog! Twenty miles he had traveled to reach his old home and friends.

What a happy reunion it was! Such bones as we begged of the cook! No dog fared better than did our Rover that night.

My father said nothing, although at the time we did not notice his silence; and little we dreamed how short-lived our happiness was to be.

Early next morning we were up and planning all sorts of fun. Rover, in spite of his long run of the day before, seemed ready for everything.

I think it was late in the afternoon of the same day, as we were returning from the boat-house, where Rover, my brother, and I had been playing, that we heard my father calling the dog.

Off Rover bounded in answer to the call; and as we neared the gate we saw a man, seated in a carriage, in deep conversation with my father.

Then it dawned upon us what it all meant. Again Rover must go!

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My father got into the carriage, and off he and the man started, Rover running under the wheels in obedience to my father's whistle.

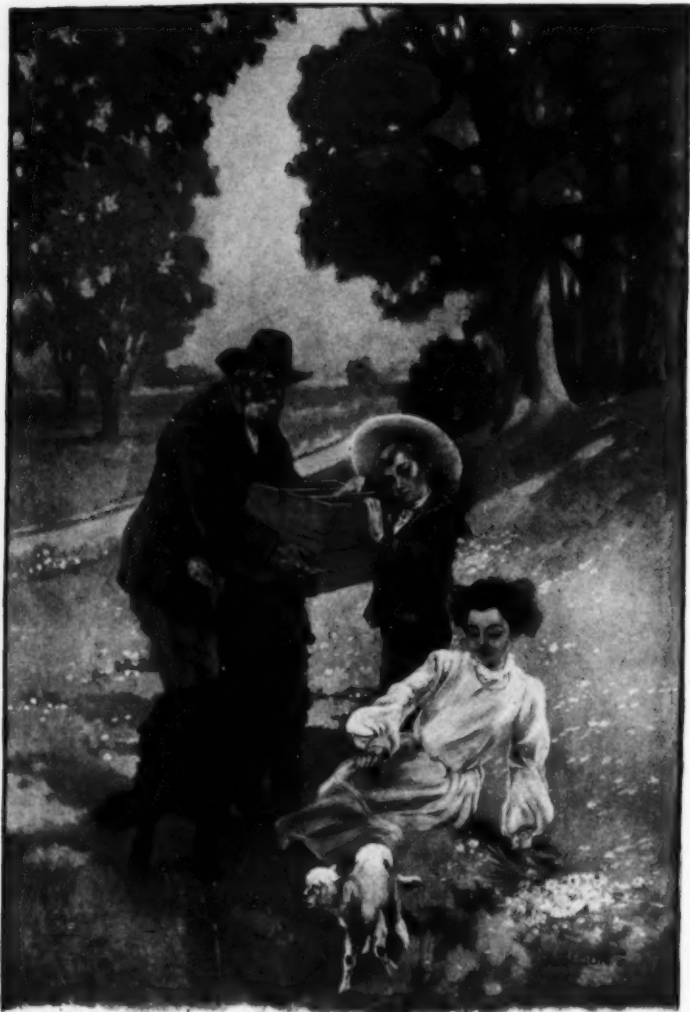


"AROUND THE DOG'S NECK WAS A STRONG IRON CHAIN, AND TO THAT CHAIN WAS ATTACHED THE HEAVY BLOCK TO WHICH HE HAD BEEN FASTENED."

Oh, how we cried as we watched the carriage disappearing in the distance! We felt the world to be a sad place indeed.

The days came and went, however, and gradually we grew reconciled to our loss—per-

haps my brother and I became greater chums, listening attitude for some minutes, suddenly having no third companion to share our fun. disappeared, and presently we heard him calling us from the garden to come quickly. At all events, we began to think less and less



"HE WISHED TO GIVE US A PEACE-OFFERING, AND TO ASK US TO FORGIVE HIS SUSPICIONS OF ROVER."

about Rover and to enter into everything with the usual happiness of childhood.

On Sunday morning, about ten days later, my brother, who, after we returned from morning service, had been sitting quiet and in a

What could it be? we wondered, as again he called to us. Through the large French windows and down the garden path we hastened to a clump of trees from which, as we neared it, a faint moaning also was heard.

There we found my brother kneeling on the ground, and beside him, licking his hand, was our Rover!

Around the dog's neck was a strong iron chain, and to that chain was attached the heavy block to which he had been fastened. His coat was covered with burs which stuck to his long black hair, making him a pitiable object to behold. His poor back was cruelly scarred where the chain had rubbed away the hair, and his glossy black coat looked like a dusty covering.

So tired and weak was the dog that all he could do was to lick our hands instead of giving the joyous bark with which he was wont to welcome us.

It was nearly half an hour before we were able to remove the chain and heavy weight which he had dragged so far in his frantic efforts to reach his home and friends; and after giving him the food of which he was so sorely in need, and making him as comfortable as we could, we left him to rest.

The burs had to be removed so gently that, knowing the poor dog had suffered so much already, we decided to wait until the following day before giving him further pain.

So in we went to talk over our dog's brave act with our parents.

We found our good father, quite overcome by the dog's faithfulness, waiting to tell us that Rover should not be sent away again.

The arrangement was that we were to try once more giving him his freedom, and if at any time he attacked the sheep, then he was to be chained at all hours when we were not able to be with him.

Perhaps Rover knew the reason of his punishment, or had learned his lesson through suffering; for, from that day until his death at the age of fourteen years, we never heard another complaint about him.

And no wonder!

For, six months later, as my brother and I were playing in the garden one morning, we saw walking toward us the farmer whom we had come to look upon as a personal enemy.

In one arm he carried a little lamb, and in his hand a queer-looking box, between the bars of which peered a pair of bright eyes.

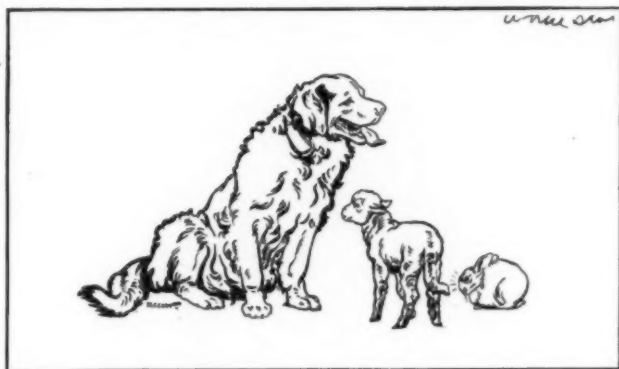
The box contained a rabbit—a present for my brother, and the pet lamb was for me.

For a few moments my brother and I quite forgot our old-time resentment.

The farmer had come to effect a reconciliation.

In the first place, he wanted to tell us that at last the real culprit had been found; and, secondly, he wished to give us each a peace-offering, and to ask us to forgive his suspicions of Rover.

The dear old dog, as he watched us, did not appear to be at all surprised.

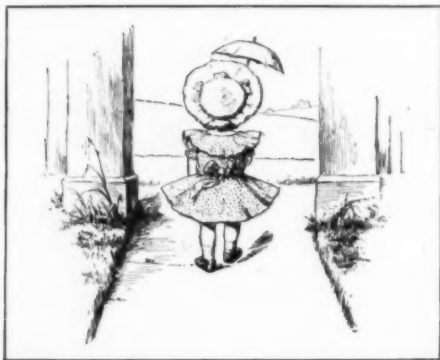




## A MORNING CALL.

I was out in my garden, with basket and shears,  
 Adding rose after rose to my store.  
 When a-rat-a-tat-tat faintly came to my ears,  
 I ran round to reach the front door.  
 I arrived there too late; just a card on the  
 mat,  
 Reading: *Mary Amelia Evangeline Pratt.*

I pictured her, dignified, prim and precise,  
 With a "prisms and prunes" sort of air.  
 Then I looked down the long gravel walk in a  
 trice,  
 If perchance she might still linger there.  
 And sure enough right down, the path, pit-a-pat,  
 Trotted Mary Amelia Evangeline Pratt!!





## PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

### HOW "PINKEY" BECAME A REFORMER.

"PINKEY" PERKINS had passed through several serious attacks of the collecting fever, each time devoting all his energies toward the accumulation of the class of articles which were, for the time being, uppermost in juvenile favor.

He had, through purchase, trade and correspondence with collectors in other places, acquired a very creditable assortment of stamps. These had claimed his attention for several months, until he had come to consider himself quite an authority on all questions pertaining to stamps, and he conversed as familiarly on the subjects of "Javas," "Borneos," and "San Marinos" as he did on those of agates, crockeries, or chinias.

When the stamp fever wore off, coins came in for their share of attention, but, owing to their scarcity he soon abandoned his search for rare specimens of that order. For luck, he still carried a copper two-cent piece made in the year he was born, but the remainder of his limited collection he had put aside until a favorable opportunity should present itself to dispose of it to advantage.

Thus it happened that when Spring came Pinkey was without any special hobby in the collecting line. His steam engine, though still a source of pleasure, did not claim as much of his time as it had at first, and the weather was too fine for him to stay in the house and run his scroll-saw as much as he had heretofore.

Thus unoccupied, his mind was open for any new and alluring occupation which had to do with being outdoors. It is not strange, therefore, that Pinkey fell a victim to that undeniably wicked pastime of collecting birds' eggs.

With his customary ardor he took up with the prevalent custom and became a leader in its pursuit, as he did in all things where boys of his age were concerned. To begin with, he traded his entire stamp collection and all his

coins, with the exception of his lucky piece for a very complete assortment of birds' eggs that had been collected by a boy who was moving away and feared the danger of packing such fragile belongings.

Thus started, he set about increasing his holdings, as usual with the intention of having something larger and better than any of the other boys. "Bunny" Morris, his chum, had also started a collection at the same time as Pinkey and together they operated on the juvenile Board of Trade, assisting each other in effecting profitable exchanges and in driving good bargains generally.

Pinkey kept his eggs in cigar-boxes, neatly partitioned off, with a piece of soft cotton under each one to prevent breakage. He said nothing to his parents about his new collecting fad and kept his cigar-boxes in his workshop with the remainder of his valuable possessions. It is doubtful if he knew just why he did not boast of his new interest and tell them of new acquisitions to his collection, but it seemed somehow that he did not feel that they would be properly interested in it. He did not realize that in reality the collecting of birds' eggs was a thing of which at heart he was not proud.

One Saturday, Pinkey and Bunny decided to go out to the country and endeavor to procure something entirely new and rare from the egg-collector's standpoint. Of robins', jay-birds', cat birds', blue birds', and sparrows' eggs they had a plenty and they longed for some kind that none of the other boys had.

After searching the woods over nearly all afternoon, and finding nothing except a few nests of the most common varieties, they started home unsuccessful. As they were passing through the orchard on their way to the main road, Pinkey's vigilant eye espied a small nest in the very top of one of the orchard trees.

"That's a new kind, Bunny," he declared. "Had n't ever thought o' looking in the orchard for birds' nests."

"Neither had I," agreed Bunny, "let's climb up and see what's in it. If it is a new kind, It'll pay us for comin' way down here, after all."

Together they climbed the tree, each striving to reach the nest before the other. When they had almost gained the top, a sudden whirr of wings and a glimpse of a small bright object darting away from the nest told them that the mother bird had stayed at her post as long as she dared, but at last, overcome by fear, her instinct of self-preservation had compelled her to seek safety in flight.

"Gee, Pinkey," said Bunny, dodging to one side, "she nearly knocked my cap off. Scared me, too. Some birds'll pick your eyes out 'f you get 'em mad."

"She's not mad," said Pinkey assuredly, "she's just scared. She don't know what we're here for. Thinks we come to catch her, most likely."

"Birds're awful knowin' sometimes," insisted Bunny, "but I don't suppose they're smart enough to miss an egg or two, now and then, do you, Pinkey?"

"No, 'course not," observed Pinkey, not caring to discuss the details of the matter. "Gee, lookie at 'em; one, two, three, four, five; all white with blue specks on 'em." By now the pair had reached the nest and stood on a couple of bending limbs looking down into it with unconcealed delight.

"They're new all right," said Bunny, gleefully, "nobody's got any like that, I know. How many 'd you s'pose we 'd better take,—all of 'em?"

"No, two's enough," said Pinkey, decisively, "one apiece."

"But s'pose we 'd break one," urged Bunny.

"That's so," admitted Pinkey, "better take three, I guess," and he carefully lifted three of the tiny frail eggs from the nest and held them in the palm of his hand.

"Gee, but they're pretty, ain't they Bunny," he exclaimed, "bet you we don't tell anybody where we got these, will we," and the boys inspected their new prizes very closely.

With much care, they made their way slowly to the ground again. It was growing late and they had no time for further search, so started home. As they left the tree, an excited chirping in the air above them grated severely on the ears of both, but neither had the courage to speak of it, or to let on that he heard.

Wrapping the eggs in his handkerchief, and holding them carefully in his hand, Pinkey set off by the nearest route to the main road, fol-



"TOGETHER THEY CLIMBED THE TREE, EACH STRIVING TO REACH THE NEST BEFORE THE OTHER."

lowed by Bunny, both in high glee at the ultimate success of their expedition.

"I'll keep these two," said Pinkey, as they reached the corner where they must separate, "I'll blow 'em out and then 'f you should ever break yours, I'll give you another. I've got a better box to keep them in than you have."

"Wish you'd blow this one too," said Bunny, holding out his egg toward Pinkey, "you know I break 'bout half o' mine blowin' them, and I want to be sure not to have this one broken."

Blow it and bring it to School Monday and I'll get it then."

"Blowing" an egg consisted in pricking a small hole in each end and then blowing gently at one end until the shell was emptied of its contents.

Pinkey took Bunny's egg and continued on his way home, carefully holding the eggs loosely in his handkerchief.

Entering the house, he started at once to his room, there to leave his latest and most valuable prizes until he should have time to arrange them in his collection. At the top of the stairs he met his mother, just starting down.

"What have you got in your handkerchief, Pinkey," asked Mrs. Perkins, with natural curiosity.

Never until that moment had Pinkey realized just why he preferred that his parents should remain in ignorance of his egg collection. He did not reply at once to his mother's question, but stood looking down at the floor in evident embarrassment.

After a few moments of oppressive silence, Pinkey managed to murmur the one word, "eggs."

"What kind of eggs?" inquired the mother.

"B—birds' eggs," faltered Pinkey, still not daring to look up.

"Pinkerton!" This one word and the way in which it was spoken told him that by this discovery his mother's feelings had been severely hurt, and what was still worse he felt that he had wounded her faith in him. The enormity of his offense was all the more emphasized by her use of the word "Pinkerton," which in itself was proof that the case was a most serious one.

After another painful silence, during which Pinkey grew still more uncomfortable, Mrs. Perkins continued:

"Pinkey, do you realize what it means to rob birds' nests, to take away from the birds the very object they have in view when they devote long and tedious hours of labor to building their nests?"

There was no tone of scolding in her voice. He could see that she was too deeply hurt for that. He could stand scolding, for he was more or less used to it, but to be talked to in

such a manner; that was worse than anything else she could have done.

"Birds would n't miss part o' their eggs, would they," argued Pinkey, weakly, "I did n't take 'em all."

"They would miss them just the same as any mother would miss part of her children, were they to be taken from her by some monster. Every egg taken from the nest means just one little bird less in the family bye and bye. How many eggs have you?"

"I've only got three here, but I've got nineteen different kinds altogether. Lots o' the boys have collections and we trade around. I traded for most of mine, but some I got out o' the nest."

"I don't care if all the boys in town have collections, that does n't make it right. Now we won't say anything more about it, for I know you'll never take an egg from a bird's nest again, and that is all I ask." She purposely avoided asking him to promise, for she knew his characteristics and knew that it was unnecessary. Besides, resolutions were not as hard for Pinkey to keep as promises, though he always held to both, once he had committed himself.

When his mother had gone down-stairs, Pinkey went to his room and sat for a time on his bed, thinking over what his mother had said and reflecting on the enormity of his guilt. He was seeing the collecting of birds' eggs in a light in which he had never seen it before and he was glad to have had it shown to him in its true meaning. He resolved then and there to do no more of it, and only regretted his inability to undo what he had already done.

Suddenly it occurred to him that it might not yet be too late to atone partially for the wrong he had committed. Again wrapping his eggs in his handkerchief, and without saying a word to anyone, he tip-toed down-stairs, took his cap from its hook in the hall and passed out into the yard. It was growing dusk and he knew his father might be home any minute, for it was already nearly suppertime. Holding the handkerchief in front of him, so as to avoid its being seen, he walked leisurely out to the barn, as though intending to do nothing more than his regular evening's chores.

He stopped at the barn, however, only long enough to feed old "Polly," the family mare, and to pump the trough full of water for her. This done, he again picked up his handkerchief containing the three speckled eggs, and departed by way of the back fence, bound for the country. He would have liked to ride old "Polly," but he hesitated to do so without permission and besides, he feared that if he did he might in some way break the eggs.

Part of the time running and part of the time walking fast, until he regained his breath, Pinkey made all haste to his uncle's farm where he had found the eggs. He did not know whether the fact that they had been removed from the nest for about two hours would hurt them or not. Anyhow, he proposed to return them just as soon as he possibly could, and thereby do his utmost to atone for his misdeed of the afternoon.

When he arrived at the farm, he gave the house a wide berth and went at once to the orchard. It was getting quite dark by the time he reached there, and he did not relish being alone and so near the woods at this time of night. But he had come for a certain definite purpose and he was determined to accomplish it.

When he reached the tree in which the nest was located, he placed the handkerchief containing the eggs in the crown of his cap and carefully placed it on his head again. Then

slowly and cautiously he began climbing the tree, fearing every moment that he would strike his head against a limb. If he should, he dreaded to think of the result.

" 'T would n't be any more than I deserve,"



"THEN, AS GENTLY AS HE COULD, HE REMOVED THE EGGS FROM HIS HANDKERCHIEF AND CAREFULLY LAID THEM, ONE BY ONE, BACK INTO THE NEST."

he said to himself, "but I'd hate to have it happen, on the bird's account."

Luckily he reached the nest without mishap, for a second time frightening the mother bird away as he approached. Establishing himself on a firm footing in the fork of one of the upper limbs, he bent his head forward and,

with both of his hands free, removed his cap. Then, as gently as he could, he removed the eggs from his handkerchief and carefully laid them, one by one, back into the nest beside the other two.

"There," he said, with a sigh of relief, "I hope the old bird 's as glad to have them back as I am to get rid of them. No more collectin' birds' eggs for me," and with a joy in his heart greater than he had ever experienced over the possession of his entire assortment, he descended from the tree and started homeward as fast as his legs would carry him.

Pinkey's unexplained absence at suppertime caused some comment, for his mother still thought him upstairs when she went to call him. When she found that he was not there and that he was nowhere about the yard or barn, and that his hat was gone she knew that there was no use trying to guess where he was.

His father called him in a voice which he would not have dared disobey had he been in hearing, so when it was decided that he was undoubtedly gone, the evening meal went on without him.

"Well, where on earth have you been," demanded Mrs. Perkins, as Pinkey out of breath and perspiring burst into the sitting room some time after supper was over.

"Been putting those eggs back in the nest where I got them," said Pinkey, proudly. "Thought maybe if I put 'em back right away they'd be just as good as they were before," and then after a moment's pause he added unnecessarily, "supper over?"

While partaking of his supper, which his mother had saved for him, a few questions served to procure the whole story from Pinkey, how he had decided to put the eggs back and how he had not dared to lose a moment for fear it might be too late.

"And do you 'spose it 'll hurt," concluded Pinkey with much concern, "having them out o' the nest just that short time?"

"It may and it may not," said his father, "there is no way of telling, but anyway, you've done your part to set matters aright, and that is all anybody could do." Any intentions which Mr. Perkins may have entertained to

administer punishment for taking the eggs and for missing supper, changed to thoughts of pride in his son for the manly act which had been the cause of his absence.

When Pinkey had finished his supper, he went upstairs, got the cigar boxes containing all the eggs in his collection, and brought them down into the sitting room.

"What have you got there, Pinkey," inquired his father, glancing up from his paper.

"These are the birds' eggs I've collected. There 's no use puttin' any o' them back, even if I knew where they came from, 'cause there's nothing in 'em."

"Why, what *are* you going to do with them," asked Mrs. Perkins, curious to learn why Pinkey had brought them downstairs at this time.

"I don't want 'em any longer," he asserted, "and I'm goin' to fix 'em so nobody else will," and one by one, he began crushing in his fingers the precious trophies of many a shrewd bargain and many a hazardous climb. When the destruction was complete he closed the lid on his shattered treasures and put them aside, saying:

"I might have traded 'em off for something else," but I just wanted to show you that I'm through with birds' eggs for always."

"Yes, perhaps you might have disposed of them for a few trinkets," said Mr. Perkins kindly, "but a clear conscience is worth a great deal more."

For a while, Pinkie sat silent, then he arose, picked up his cigar-boxes and went up-stairs without saying a word to any one. In a few minutes, his parents heard his scroll-saw buzzing away, a thing which was very unusual in the evening. The sawing continued for some time, without interruption, and was varied by intervals of driving nails.

Presently, curiosity got the better of Mr. Perkins, and he went upstairs to see what was the cause of the activity in Pinkey's workshop at such an unusual hour.

"What are you making now, Pinkey," inquired the father as he entered the door.

"I'm makin' a bird house," said Pinkey, holding up for his father's inspection the partially completed edifice. "I've decided to



make some place for birds to build their nests, instead of robbing the ones they've already built. I believe it'll be lots more fun and it'll be fairer for the birds."

Mr. Perkins was pleased at the sudden turn Pinkey's ambitions had taken, and to encourage his son he offered a few suggestions in regard to the details of construction and gave some assistance in joining the more difficult parts.



"THE BIRD HOUSE PROVED TO BE A GREAT SUCCESS."

With the aid of his scroll-saw, Pinkey had sawed some small, arch-shaped openings in a couple of thin boards which were to serve as the sides of his bird house, and had made some fancy designs in the end pieces by way of ornament, as well as to admit air and light.

It delighted Pinkey to have his father take such a genuine interest in his new idea, and he stood by in eager impatience as his father fitted the partitions and roof and floor to the house. Before bedtime, he had the satisfaction of seeing the house completed, even to the chimneys,

of which Pinkey insisted there must be one at each end of the roof, just to heighten the reality.

And do you 'spose they'll build in it?" asked Pinkey, as he gazed at the box.

"Don't worry about that part of it," encouraged his father, "they'll never overlook such a mansion as that when in search of a home."

Pinkey went to bed that night just as deeply interested in the new line in which his thoughts were directed, as if he had never heard of the custom of collecting birds' eggs, and he was happy in the thought that what he was now doing would be a benefit for the bird family in general, now and in years to come.

The next morning at Sunday School, Pinkey took good care to start at once an enthusiastic conversation with Bunny on the subject of making some bird boxes and putting them out for the birds to build in, and to tell him immediately of the one he had made the night before. He said he had given up collecting eggs, and that he knew it would be much more fun to have a lot of live birds around than just a lot of eggs.

So thoroughly did Bunny approve of Pinkey's new idea that he never even thought to inquire about the speckled egg Pinkey was to bring, or if he did think of it, he no longer cared for it, and made no reference to it, whatever.

The bird house proved to be a great success and in less than a week from the time it was established in its place on the barn roof, three of the four compartments had busy occupants making their homes therein.

Pinkey's move proved to be all that was needed to stop effectually the habit of plundering birds' nests by the boys of Enterprise. The desire to own a populated bird house soon became as deep-rooted as that to possess a large collection of eggs had been in the past, so that instead of devoting their time to their former occupation, they had all set about following Pinkey's example, and in a short time the rivalry had become, not to see who had the most birds' eggs in his cigar boxes, but who had the most nests in his bird boxes.

## A-BUSY



hold, her winter's knilling  
 linda has gun.  
 yond a doubt, it will long  
 To Mama, when 'tis done.  
 linda now must rise times  
 And work fore the sun.

And I will sit side her  
 cause loved is she.  
 And then, sides, if I seech,  
 Who knows? - on happy me  
 It might fall that she'd slow  
 A present, too, may!



## LUCY'S DEFECT.

BY MARY A. GILLETTE.

She is not blind,—she is not deaf,—  
 She's straight, and strong, and pretty,  
 We think her so;—we know her mind  
 Is clear, and quick, and witty.  
 And Lucy is a pleasant child;  
 Her grandmama says of her,  
 "In warp or woof you'll not a trace  
 Of selfishness discover."

Of gifts and graces Lucy has  
 A goodly share conceded,  
 Yet something is amiss; her friends  
 All see how much 'tis needed.  
 Grandpa allows she's true and good,  
 And owns he loves her dearly;  
 And were it not for this defect  
 He'd think her perfect,—nearly.

With face or form, with head or heart,  
 There isn't much the matter:  
 But Lucy's ever busy tongue  
 Will chatter, chatter, chatter.  
 Her brother Bert, this very day,  
 With a boy's bluntness told her,  
 My little sis, the thing you lack  
 Is just a *good tongue-holder*."

# THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN NICOLAY.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### UNSUCCESSFUL GENERALS.

SO FAR, Mr. Lincoln's new duties as President had not placed him at any disadvantage with the members of his cabinet. On the old question of slavery he was as well informed and had clearer ideas than they. On the new military questions that had come up since the inauguration, they, like himself, had to rely on the advice of experienced officers of the army and navy; and since these differed greatly, Mr. Lincoln's powerful mind was as able to reach true conclusions as were men who had been governors and senators. Yet the idea lingered that because he had never before held high office, and because a large part of his life had been passed in the rude surroundings of the frontier, he must of necessity be lacking in power to govern—be weaker in will, without tact or culture, must in every way be less fitted to cope with the difficult problems so rapidly coming upon the administration.

At the beginning even Secretary Seward shared this view. Mr. Lincoln must have been surprised indeed, when, on the first day of April, exactly four weeks after his inauguration, his Secretary of State, the man he justly looked upon as the chief member of his cabinet, handed him a paper on which were written "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration." It was most grave and dignified in language, but in substance bluntly told Mr. Lincoln that after a month's trial the Administration was without a policy, domestic or foreign, and that this must be remedied at once. It advised shifting the issue at home from slavery to the question of Union or disunion; and counseled the adoption of an attitude toward Europe which could not have failed to rouse the anger of the principal foreign nations. It added that the President or some member of his Cabinet must make

it his constant duty to pursue and direct whatever policy should be adopted, and hinted very plainly that although he, Mr. Seward, did not seek such responsibility, he was willing to assume it. The interest of this remarkable paper for us lies in the way Mr. Lincoln treated it, and the measure that treatment gives us of his generosity and self-control. An envious or a resentful man could not have wished a better opportunity to put a rival under his feet; but though Mr. Lincoln doubtless thought the incident very strange, it did not for a moment disturb his serenity or his kindly judgment. He answered in a few quiet sentences that showed no trace of passion or even of excitement; and on the central suggestion that some one person must direct the affairs of the government, replied with dignity "if this must be done, I must do it," adding that on affairs of importance he desired and supposed he had a right to have the advice of all the members of his cabinet. This reply ended the matter, and as far as is known, neither of them ever mentioned the subject again. Mr. Lincoln put the papers away in an envelope, and no word of the affair came to the public until years after both men were dead. In one mind at least there was no longer a doubt that the cabinet had a master. Mr. Seward recognized the President's kindly forbearance, and repaid it by devotion and personal friendship until the day of his tragic death.

If, after this experience, the Secretary of State needed any further proof of Mr. Lincoln's ability to rule, it soon came to him, for during the first months of the war matters abroad claimed the attention of the cabinet, and with these also the untried western man showed himself better fitted to deal than his more experienced advisers. Many of the countries of Europe, especially France and England, wished the South to succeed. France because of plans

that Emperor Napoleon III had for founding French colonies on American soil, and England because such success would give her free cotton for her mills and factories. England became so friendly toward the rebels that Mr. Seward, much irritated, wrote a despatch on May 21, 1861, to Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister at London, which, if it had been sent as he wrote it, would almost certainly have brought on war between the two countries. It set forth justly and with courage what the United States government would and would not endure from foreign powers during the war with the South, but it had been penned in a heat of indignation, and was so blunt and exasperating as to suggest intentional disrespect. When Mr. Seward read it to the President the latter at once saw this, and taking it from his Secretary of State kept it by him for further consideration. A second reading showed him that his first impression was correct. Thereupon the frontier lawyer, taking his pen, went carefully over the whole despatch, and by his corrections so changed the work of the trained and experienced statesman as entirely to remove its offensive tone, without in the least altering its force or courage.

Once again, during 1861 the country was in serious danger of war with England, and the action of President Lincoln at this time proved not only that he had the will to be just, even when his own people were against him, but had the skill to gain real advantage from what seemed very like defeat. One of the earliest and most serious tasks of the Government had been to blockade the southern ports, in order to prevent supplies from foreign countries reaching the southern people, especially the southern armies. Considering the great length of coast to be patrolled, and the small size of the navy at the commencement of the struggle, this was done with wonderful quickness, and proved in the main effective, though occasionally a rebel boat managed to slip in or out without being discovered and fired upon by the ships on guard.

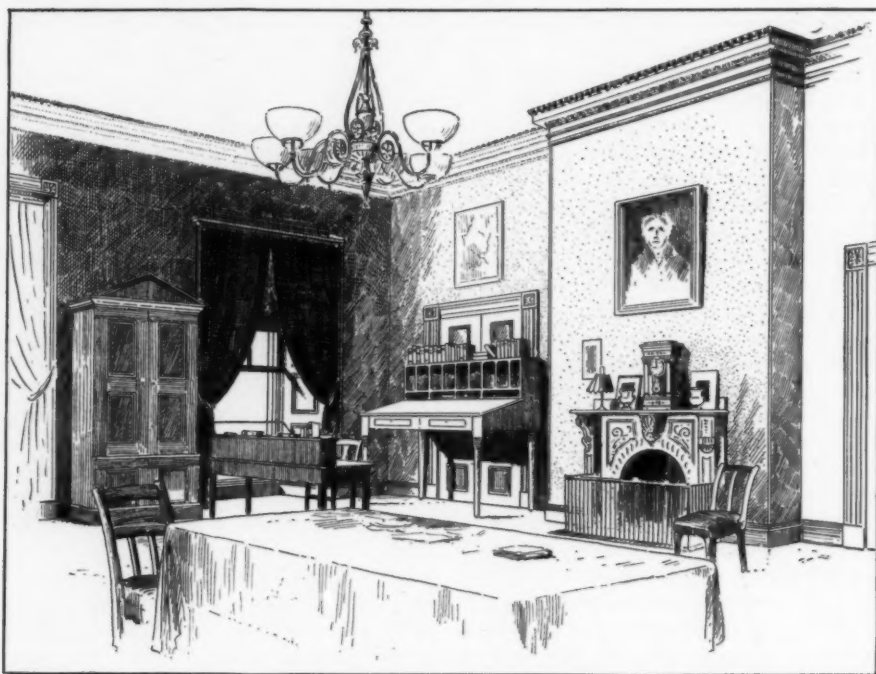
In November Captain Charles Wilkes learned that Ex-Senators J. M. Mason and John Slidell, two prominent Confederates bound on an important mission to Europe, had succeeded

in reaching Cuba, and from there had taken passage for England on the British mail steamer *Trent*. He stopped the *Trent* and took Mason and Slidell prisoners, afterward allowing the steamer to proceed on her way. The affair caused intense excitement both in England and in the United States, and England began instant preparations for war. Lord Lyons, the British Minister at Washington, was instructed to demand the release of the prisoners and a suitable apology within one week, and if this were refused to close his legation and come home. It was fortunate that Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward were close personal friends, and could, in spite of the excitement of both countries, discuss the matter calmly and without anger. Their conferences were brought to an end by Mr. Lincoln's decision to give up the prisoners. In the North their capture had been greeted with extravagant joy. Newspapers rang with praises of Captain Wilkes; his act was officially approved by the Secretary of the Navy, and the House of Representatives passed a resolution thanking him for his "brave, adroit, and patriotic conduct." In face of all this it must have been hard indeed for Mr. Lincoln to order that Mason and Slidell be given up; but though he shared the first impulse of rejoicing, he soon became convinced that this must be done. Not only did England have the letter of the law on her side, through some failure of Captain Wilkes to follow all the rules governing such arrests at sea. War with England must certainly be avoided; and beside all else, his quick mind saw, what others failed to note, that by giving up the prisoners as England demanded, the United States would really gain an important diplomatic victory. For many years England had claimed the right to stop and search vessels at sea when she had reason to believe they carried men or goods hostile to her interests. The United States denied the right, and yet this was exactly what Captain Wilkes had done in stopping the *Trent*. By giving up the prisoners the United States would thus force England to admit that her own claim had been unjust, and bind her in future to respect the rights of other ships at sea. Excited American feeling was grievously disappointed,

and harsh criticism of the administration for thus yielding to a foreign country was not wanting; but American good sense soon saw the justice of the point taken and the wisdom of Mr. Lincoln's course.

"He that is slow to anger," says the proverb, "is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Great as was his self-control in other matters, nowhere did Mr. Lincoln's slowness to anger

stantly to success. He had to work with the materials at hand, and one by one he tried the men who seemed best fitted for the task, giving each his fullest trust and every aid in his power. They were as eager for victory and as earnest of purpose as himself, but in every case some misfortune or some fault marred the result, until the country grew weary with waiting; discouragement overshadowed hope, and misgiving almost engulfed his own strong soul.



LINCOLN'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE AND CABINET ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

and nobility of spirit show itself more than in his dealings with the generals of the Civil War. He had been elected President. Congress had given him power far exceeding that which any President had ever exercised before. As President he was also Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. By proclamation he could call forth great armies; and he could order those armies to go wherever he chose to send them; but even he had no power to make generals with the genius and the training necessary to lead them in-

Then, at last, the right men were found, the battles were all fought, and the war was at an end.

His kindness and patience in dealing with the generals who did not succeed is the wonder of all who study the history of the Civil War. The letters he wrote to them show better than whole volumes of description could do the helpful and forbearing spirit in which he sought to aid them. First among these unsuccessful generals was George B. McClellan, who had been called to Washington after the



battle of Bull Run and placed in charge of the great new army of three years' volunteers that was pouring so rapidly into the city. McClellan proved a wonderful organizer. Under his skilful direction the raw recruits went to their camps of instruction, fell without confusion or delay into brigades and divisions, were supplied with equipments, horses and batteries, and put through a routine of drill, tactics and reviews that soon made this Army of the Potomac, as it was called, apparently one of the best prepared armies the world has ever seen—a perfect fighting machine of over 150,000 men and more than 200 guns. General McClellan excelled in getting soldiers ready to fight, but he did not succeed in leading them to fruitful victory. At first the administration had great hopes of him as a commander. He was young, enthusiastic, winning, and on arriving in Washington seemed amazed and deeply touched by the confidence reposed in him. "I find myself," he wrote to his wife, "in a new and strange position here, President, cabinet, General Scott, and all, deferring to me. By some strange operation of magic I seem to have become the power of the land." His rise in military rank had equaled the inventions of fairy tales. He had been only a captain during the Mexican war. Then he resigned. Two months after volunteering for the Civil War he found himself a Major General in the Regular Army. For a short time his zeal and activity seemed to justify this amazing good fortune. In a fortnight he began to look upon himself as the principal savior of his country. He began a quarrel with General Scott which soon drove that old hero into retirement and out of his pathway. He looked upon the cabinet as a set of "geese," and seeing that the President was kind and unassuming in discussing military affairs, he formed the habit of expressing contempt for him in letters to confidential friends. This feeling grew until it soon reached a mark of open disrespect, but the President's conduct toward him did not change. Mr. Lincoln's nature was too forgiving, and the responsibility that lay upon him was too heavy for personal resentment. For fifteen months he strove to make McClellan succeed even in

spite of himself. He gave him help, encouragement, the most timely suggestions. He answered his ever-increasing complaints with unflinching self-control. It was not that he did not see McClellan's faults. He saw them, and felt them keenly. "If Gen. McClellan does not want to use the army, I would like to borrow it," he said one day, stung by the General's inactivity into a sarcasm he seldom allowed himself to use. But his patience was not exhausted. McClellan had always more soldiers than the enemy, at Antietam nearly double his numbers, yet his constant cry was for re-enforcements. Regiments were sent him that could ill be spared from other points. Even when his fault-finding reached the height of telegraphing to the Secretary of War, "If I save the army now I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." The President answered him kindly and gently, without a sign of resentment, anxious only to do everything in his power to help on the cause of the war. It was of no avail. Even the great luck of finding a copy of General Lee's orders and knowing exactly what his enemy meant to do, at a time when the Confederate general had only about half as many troops as he had, and these were divided besides, did not help him to success. All he could do even then was to fight the drawn battle of Antietam, and allow Lee to get away safely across the Potomac River into Virginia. After this the President's long-suffering patience was at an end, but he did not remove McClellan until he had visited the Army of the Potomac in person. What he saw on that visit assured him that it could never succeed under such a general.

"Do you know what that is?" he asked a friend, waving his arm towards the white tents of the great army.

"It is the Army of the Potomac, I suppose," was the wondering answer.

"So it is called," replied the President. "But that is a mistake. It is only McClellan's body-guard." On November 5, 1862, McClellan was relieved from command, and this ended his military career.

There were others almost equally trying.

There was General Frémont, who had been the Republican candidate for President in 1856. At the beginning of the war he was given a command at St. Louis and charged with the important duty of organizing the military strength of the northwest, holding the State of Missouri true to the Union, and leading an expedition down the Mississippi River. Instead of accomplishing all that had been hoped for, his pride of opinion and unwillingness to accept help or take advice from those about him, caused serious embarrassment and made unending trouble. The President's kindness and gentleness in dealing with his faults were as marked as they were useless.

There was the long line of commanders who one after the other tried and failed in the tasks allotted to them, while the country waited and lost courage, and even Mr. Lincoln's heart sank. His care and wisdom and sorrow dominated the whole long persistent struggle. That first sleepless night of his after the battle of Bull Run was but the beginning of many nights and days through which he kept unceasing watch. From the time in June, 1861, when he had been called upon to preside over the council of war that decided upon the Bull Run campaign, he devoted every spare moment to the study of such books upon the art of war as would aid him in solving the questions that he must face as Commander-in-Chief of the armies. With his quick mind and unusual power of logic he made rapid progress in learning the fixed and accepted rules on which all military writers agree. His mastery of the difficult science became so thorough, and his understanding of military situations so clear, that he has been called, by persons well fitted to judge, "the ablest strategist of the war." Yet he never thrust his knowledge upon his generals. He recognized that it was their duty, not his, to fight the battles, and since this was so, they ought to be allowed to fight them in their own way. He followed their movements with keenest interest and with a most astonishing amount of knowledge, giving a hint here, and a suggestion there, when he felt that he properly could, but he rarely gave a positive order.

There is not space to quote the many letters

in which he showed his military wisdom, or his kindly interest in the welfare and success of the different generals. One of the most remarkable must however be quoted. It is the letter he wrote to General Joseph Hooker on placing him in command of the Army of the Potomac in January, 1863, after McClellan's many failures had been followed by the crushing defeat of the army under General McClellan's successor, General Burnside, at the battle of Fredericksburg, on December 13, 1862.

"I have placed you," he wrote on giving General Hooker the command, "at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken council of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can, to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; And now, beware of rashness.



A VISIT TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN GENERAL  
McCLELLAN'S TENT.

VOL. XXXIII.—91.

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Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

Perhaps no other piece of his writing shows as this does how completely the genius of the President rose to the full height of his duties and responsibilities. From beginning to end it speaks the language and breathes the spirit of the great ruler, secure in popular confidence and in official authority.

Though so many of the great battles during the first half of the war were won by the Confederates, military successes came to the North of course from time to time. With such fine armies and such earnest generals the tide of battle could not be all one way; and even when the generals made mistakes, the heroic fighting and endurance of the soldiers and under-officers gathered honor out of defeat, and shed the luster of renown over results of barren failure. But it was a weary time, and the outlook was very dark. The President never despaired. On the most dismal day of the whole dismal summer of 1862 he sent Secretary Seward to New York with a confidential letter full of courage, to be shown such of the governors of free States as could be hastily summoned to meet him there. "In it he said: 'I expect to maintain this con-

test until successful, or till I die, or am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsake me," and he asked for 100,000 fresh volunteers with which to carry on the war. His confidence was not misplaced. The governors of eighteen free States offered him three times the number, and still other calls for troops followed. Soon a popular song, "We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong," showed the faith and trust of the people in the man at the head of the Government, and how cheerfully they met the great calls upon their patriotism.

So, week after week and month after month he faced the future, never betraying a fear that the Union would not triumph in the end, but grieving sorely at the long delay. Many who were not so sure came to him with their troubles. He was beset by night and by day by people who had advice to give or complaints to make. They besought him to dismiss this or that General, to order such and such a military movement; to do a hundred things that he, in his greater wisdom, felt were not right, or for which the time had not yet come. Above all, he was implored to take some decided and far-reaching action upon slavery.

(To be continued.)

## PLANTATION STORIES.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

### THE LAZY GOOSE.

AMERICA, the nurse-girl at Broadlands plantation, came running one morning to call the three children and tell them that a wild goose had stopped among the fowls in the barnyard. Pate, Patricia, and little Isabel pelted away down the slope toward the chicken-yard, where Aunt Viney, who always had charge of the fowls, was scattering cane-seed. There he stood, slim and dark and differently shaped from the other geese, yet plainly kin to them, and gobbling his share of the breakfast with evident relish.

"Oh, he's a visitor," cried Patricia, "and they ought to be more polite to him"; for a big speckled rooster had just dashed in ahead of the newcomer and tried to eat up all the seed in sight.

"Never you mind, honey," Aunt Viney reassured the little girl. "Dat wild feller got strong wing; he gwine be de biggest frog in de puddle, long ez he stay hyer."

"He gets his strong wings from flying so far," said Pate. "If he was out in the open, father

or Cousin Bolivar would shoot him; but he 's home-free here."

"Will he stay always, Aunt Viney?" asked Isabel.

"No, 'm, Miss Baby; I 'spect he pick up an' go when he gits him a good bait o' cane-seed. Mebbe he 'll stay a week — sometimes dese-hyer wild fellers does."

As they turned back to the house, America announced that she knew a tale about a wild goose, and it was straightway demanded; for her attraction above that of Aunt Jinsey, the head nurse, was that she could tell so many stories about animals.

"'Huh,' he say, well as he could for havin' his mouth full, 'you folks lives mighty fat.'

"At dat, ol' Mr. Gander he up an' whisper, 'For de gracious sake don't say fat! Hit 's de trouble o' our lives to keep from gittin' fat 'nough dat de humans will be wantin' to eat us.'

"Mr. Wild Goose ain't hearken to dis like he



"THERE HE STOOD, SLIM AND DARK AND DIFFERENTLY SHAPED FROM THE OTHER GESE."

"Hit was like dis," she began. "Dey was once a wild goose dat was lazy. Wild geeses is mostly de uppinn'est an' a-doin'est folks what dey is; but dis-hyer Mr. Goose was ez slow ez molasses at Christmas. When dey got to fly a long ways, he set on de ground an' say he got de back-ache, an' de leg-ache, an' de toe-ache, an', more specially an' mostly, de wing-ache. Dis-hyer Mr. Goose ain't like to hunt for he rations. One day he come to a plantation where dey keep tame geeses, same as we-all do. He fly down 'mongst 'em, dest exactly like de wild goose fly down dis mornin' an' he'p hisself to what all de udder fowls had to eat.

ort. He a great somebody to brag, like most do-nothin' folks, an' he sot in for to tell dem tame geeses o' all de whars he been, an' all de fine things he done seed; an' he keep on tell de woman come for to feed de fowls. She let on like she ain't see Mr. Wild Goose at all, 'case she ain't want to skeer him. When she gone, he squar' himself in de middle o' de pan o' dough, an' eat tell he 'most choked, an' den he say:

"'Is dat what you call a human? Do she wait 'pon you wid yo' rations every day? Well, I b'lieve I 'll stay hyer. I 'm plumb wore to feathers an' bones travelin' round an' wingin'



so far. Of course dis ain't no such place as I 'm used to, but I b'lieve I 'll stay.'

"Hit dest so happen' dat de very next day was goose-pickin' time. You mind how Aunt Viney an' Aunt Clorindy ties up dey heads an' picks off de geese's feathers to stuff yo' pillers an' beds?"

The other children remembered it well, but

hit gwine be bad for my toe-ache, an' de very thinks of hit gives me de wing-ache.'

"Wid dat he flop he wings, he do, an' fly off to jine de wild geeses. But mind you, he ain't tell de wild geeses why he come back. He say to dem dat dis-hyer place where he stopped de folks was quality, for true; dat dey had a waiter for to serve dey meals, reg'lar; an' dey was so uppish dey change dey fedders every spring; an', more dan dat, dey had a body-sarvant to take off de old fedders for 'em.

"He git de wild geeses in sich a notion o' de place, dat when dey come a-past hit de next fall dey all light down in de barnyard, Mr. Wild Goose in de middle o' de bunch.



"WID DAT HE FLOP HE WINGS, HE DO, AN' FLY OFF TO JINE DE WILD GESES."

Isabel was to see that ceremony for the first time this spring. "Well, honey chillen, de woman come out wid her head tied up, an' drive de geeses into de pickin'-shed. An' huh, law! How dey all holler an' run when dey see what she gwine do!

"What now?" ax Mr. Wild Goose. He gittin' dest a little bit oneasy-like over de looks o' things.

"She gwine pull our feathers out an' tote em off," old Mr. Gander tell him.

"Is dat so?" Mr. Wild Goose ax. "I don't b'lieve dat would agree wid my back-ache, nor yit do any good to my leg-ache; I bound

"Now de man what live on dat plantation ain't got de same notion dat yo' pa have — he shoot a wild goose wherever he can find hit. He turn loose on dem wild geeses wid he gun; but de onliest one he kill was de lazy goose what start de trouble — an' sarve him good an' right!"

## THE 'SKEETER AND PETER.

(A touching Limerick.)

There was a bright fellow named Peter,  
Who struck at an active young 'skeeter,  
But the 'skeeter struck first  
And slackened his thirst,  
For the 'skeeter was fleeter than Peter.

Marie Bruckman MacDonald.

## FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

BY AGNES MCCLELLAND DAULTON.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### HOPE HALL.

THEY stood upon the broad stone steps of Hope Hall looking wistfully through the screen doors into the shadowy hall beyond. They could see girls strolling up and down, arm in arm, talking, laughing and now and then glancing with some curiosity in their direction. But no one came to admit them, though under Sue's impatient hand the bell more than once tinkled wildly, then died away in silence, leaving them gazing helplessly at each other.

"Well, of all things this is the 'beatin'est,' as Mandy says!" gasped Sue, setting her traveling bag down on the step and taking a firmer hold upon the bell handle, "I believe we have struck an asylum for the deaf and dumb. Oh, at last!" she sighed, as a colored boy in livery ran down the stairs at the end of the hall and came toward them.

"We wish to see Miss Hope," announced Virginia, giving the boy their cards. "I hope we can see her very soon."

"You's some ob de new young ladies, I 'spects," said the boy, grinning cheerily and showing his gleaming teeth. "Walk right in to the 'ception room an' I'll go an' tell Miss Rood. Miss Hope, she won't be here 'til tomorrow. She done gone to New York." He hurried away leaving the two girls in the big quiet room, dusky and dim in the twilight. Through the stillness they could hear the quick tripping of girlish feet, a low spoken word, and now and then subdued laughter as someone passed the door.

"I never felt so funny in my life, sort of queer and all-overish!" whispered Sue, nestling closer to Virginia, as they sat stiff and prim on the big sofa looking very little and forlorn in the gloom.

"I know, that is the way you always feel at

a new school," comforted Virginia, slipping an arm around her chum. It was usually Sue who was the brave one, but the day had been very hard on poor Sue, the wretch at leaving home was much harder than she had anticipated. It had been so different, the pleasant talking and dreaming of going away, from the real leave taking; kissing her mother for the last time, looking into her father's eyes—and then saying good-bye to the children.

But now they were at Hope Hall and the bell boy was back again picking up their traveling bags and bidding them follow him. They went through the dusky halls up stairs, past long rows of numbered doors, many closed, but some open, giving glimpses of dainty, girlish belongings, while here and there a girl hurried by giving them greeting with a smile and bow.

"Dey ain't many ob de young ladies heah yit," explained their guide, "but by Wednesday we'll be runnin' fine. Dis is Mis' Rood's sittin' room; she ain't in the office after fo' o'clock."

Mrs. Rood stood in the bay window looking with great interest at the two cards she held in her hand; one dainty and delicately engraved, the other written in little lame Jimmie's most flourishing hand upon yellowish cardboard with beveled edges. She looked up with a smile as Sue and Virginia in answer to her summons opened the door. Mrs. Rood was a large woman of perhaps sixty; her black silk gown and embroidered collar fastened with a jet brooch, and her fluffy white cap with wide strings that floated out behind her as she came to welcome them, made a pleasant setting for her broad, calm face and double chin. As Virginia's little hand was buried in Mrs. Rood's firm grasp she thought the large white hand, with its heart-shaped ring, could have belonged to no one else.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Rood in a full, throaty voice, "this is Miss Virginia Clayton, Professor

Clayton's daughter," and she turned her smiling face toward Virginia. "And this, I presume, is Mrs. Fulton's niece, Miss Roberts. I don't quite think I understand the first name, S-I-O-U-X! How very odd and original!" And she again studied intently Jimmie's flighty flourishes.

"Oh, you see," explained Sue, airily, "that's the way I spell it. My real name is Susan Plenty."

"Susan Plenty! Oh, I see! I understand.

"Nonsense, Sue. I like her ever so much. She is 'school marmy,' they all get like that, and so would you and I, if we were forever at it. But she is nice, and a lady, and I have had some



"'I NEVER FELT SO FUNNY IN MY LIFE,' WHISPERED SUE, NESTLING CLOSER TO VIRGINIA."

S-I-O-U-X, Sue, to be sure. How very stupid of me! But, you see I

had never known of it being used as a name for a young lady." And Mrs. Rood was plainly amused as she laid aside the card. "And now," she said, "the second tea bell will ring immediately, so I am afraid I can give you but a moment to prepare for it. This way, please. Be as quick as you can, young ladies. You may sit with me for to-night at least." The tone was short and imperative and the girls found themselves moving like soldiers to obey.

"She gives me the cold shivers," whispered Sue as Mrs. Rood left them for a moment.

I did not think were. Besides, she is n't the principal. It is Miss Hope I want to see. Is my hair all right?"

"Move your side combs over that way. There, that's fine! Bother, I can't do a thing with mine, but come along, honey." And Sue with a last pat to her curly locks opened the door. Then two meek little maidens followed in the wake of the rustling black silk and the floating cap strings.

"I never felt so goody-goody in my life," breathed Sue softly from the corner of her mouth, scarcely moving a muscle of her face and with her eyes set straight ahead, for all the world as if she were walking in a trance.

"Sue Roberts, do behave," breathed Virginia, also from the corner of her mouth, but gazing unwinkingly at the cap strings. "For goodness sake, *please* don't cut up any capers to-night, and O Sue, don't make me laugh!"

"Virginia, I'm going to sneeze . . ."

"Sh-h-h, for mercy's sake." Virginia's eyes were fairly set in her head from trying not to laugh and in dread of what Sue might take it in her flighty head to do. "Sh-h-h-h, she will hear you, Sue! Don't disgrace us both the very first night. Mercy be, here is the dining-room, I hear the dishes rattle."

"Not many of our girls are back," remarked Mrs. Rood turning her placid face toward them, as Virginia and Sue followed her down the room. "These two young ladies at my table also arrived to-day. Miss Carr and Miss Wills, I bring you two new friends, Miss Roberts and Miss Clayton."

Sue felt the lump return to her throat the very first glimpse she had of Miss Wills. There was no doubt about Miss Wills, she was homesick already, and did n't care who knew it. Her plain, freckled face was swollen with weeping, her pale blue eyes swimming with tears, and she was making ineffectual dabs at the hot salt drops that insisted upon trickling down her scalded cheeks with a damp little wad of a handkerchief. Miss Carr, who proved to be Miss Wills's roommate, was a quiet, gray-eyed girl, and if she felt forlorn she showed no evidence of it, as she shook hands with Sue and Virginia. Miss Wills was too washed-out and limp with weeping to more than feebly nod, and Mrs. Rood, grown used to homesick girls during forty years of teaching, paid no attention to her dismal condition.

There were perhaps fifteen or eighteen girls scattered about the room, some of them sad and teary, the others evidently old friends and glad to be together, for laughter and the pleasant murmur of voices drifted to Mrs. Rood's silent table.

The laughter seemed so apart from her that Sue never felt more depressed in her life, while the placid calm of Mrs. Rood's unsmiling face—which, in spite of the fluffy cap, was like the face of the statue of Buddha, just as serene and unapproachable—only added to her desolation.

"It is a beautiful room," Virginia hastily whispered, seeing poor Sue's lips quiver, "I know we shall love Miss Hope."

What were they doing at home, Sue wondered, were they thinking of her? Were they—then a tear trickled out from under her lid and went sliding down her cheek.

"I am afraid you will never forgive me, Mrs. Rood, but I was so absorbed in my book I quite forgot tea. Oh I hope you have something good for me, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

It seemed to Sue that her tears evaporated at the very sound of that cheery, sunny voice, the lump in her throat vanished in a twinkling, the laugh that was usually in her heart sprang to her lips, her eyes shone, for there was Miss Burns Gribble smiling at her—it was really a case of love at first sight.

It did n't make the least difference to Sue that the newcomer was too tall, and too thin, nor that the face was plain, nor that she was no longer young, she only knew that she had found a friend. Who can explain the subtle thing that draws us one to the other. As to Sue, buoyant, wholesome Sue, she did n't give a thought whether it was because their "auras blended," or because they were born under the same sign of the zodiac, she just accepted a new friend with all her impulsive heart and went on her way rejoicing.

"Our vocal teacher, Miss Gribble," said Mrs. Rood, her own face lightening, for she was fond of Burns Gribble. Most people were, and the reason was n't hard to find. With tactful choice she seated herself between Sue and little Miss Wills, turning a smiling face toward the one while her pretty white hand stole into the other girl's lap to find the poor little cold hand with the damp ball in it. The gentle pressure of that kind hand had seemed to say, "Poor little girl, I understand." Then there was a brilliant flash of a smile toward Virginia, and a quick friendly word to Alice Carr, and that silent woe-begone table was galvanized into hope and joy again, and life was absolutely worth living.

"First nights are always so horrid," declared Miss Gribble in a vibrant whisper that included them all in an intimate friendship, "I can

remember just how I felt. But, girls, we are going to have the most beautiful time of our lives this year, I just feel it! Don't you, Mrs. Rood? And after tea we are going to get those two new girls over at that table, and those two over there, and that one by the window, and I'm going to sing you the jolliest little

more Miss Gribble had them all in a gale of glee—Mrs. Rood breaking into low chuckles now and then, as Miss Gribble told them of her youngest nephew's pranks, of her vacation and the delights of all sorts that had been hers during the summer.

"Let me see," she said at last. "Are n't you two girls Miss Roberts and Miss Clayton from Monroe? Then I believe there is another girl coming from your town, is there not? I met her aunt in Dexter this summer, a Miss Curtis, or something like it. Am I not right?"

"Oh, yes, Martha Cutting," replied Virginia, a little smile, in spite of herself, curling her lips, for Martha had refused to come so early, saying she did n't care to arrive with the mob, but wanted to make a dignified entrance. "She will not be here until Thursday."

"That is a pity," remarked Mrs. Rood, "as all the best rooms will be taken and the best hours chosen for practice. You came at the very best time, my dears."

"The early bird catches the worm at Hope Hall, you see, as everywhere else," laughed Miss Gribble. "Are you to be my girls? You look as if you were musical."

"I shall have piano, but Sue sings beautifully," replied Virginia with a gesture of pride toward Sue.

"And you two are the greatest friends, I can see that. Well I have Miss Carr and Miss Wills on one side of me, and Mrs. Rood, if you don't mind, I should like to take these two chicks under my other wing. That room next to mine with the bay window is empty, and you know I always like to choose my neighbors."

"O may we?" cried both girls at once, looking up with such pleading eyes that Mrs. Rood nodded indulgently.

It was with very different feelings that the girls climbed the long stairs the second time. Before they were strangers, in a strange land, now they had a friend and a room, and even if they had never seen the room it was sure to seem homelike with this cheery presence near.

"Is n't she bully?" whispered Sue to Alice Carr as they ascended the stairs together. Virginia was on one side of their divinity while



"VIRGINIA AND SUE OPENED THEIR DOOR AT THE FIRST TAP OF THE BREAKFAST BELL."

coon song you ever heard and then we are all going to get our hats and walk out to see the moon come up over the river. Pshaw, first nights can't last forever!"

By this time every one was smiling; even Miss Wills sent a watery little gleam toward Miss Gribble, and the violent pressure she gave in return to that kind hand left no doubt as to the state of her susceptible heart. In ten minutes



Miss Wills still clung to that rescuing hand as if she were afraid she might drown in the flood of her own tears should she let go.

"She is a lovely lady," replied Miss Carr a bit stiffly, though she had taken Sue's arm a moment before. "I hardly think I should describe her as bully?"

Sue bit her lip over this most unlucky slip and decided in her headlong way that Alice Carr was a prig, and that she was n't going to like her, but just then Miss Gribble paused before a door marked 21 and said cheerily:

"Well, my dears, here you are at home."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### GETTING ACQUAINTED.

THE sun was streaming into the big, bare, bay window, when Sue roused by the jangle of a bell opened her sleepy eyes. Slowly the feeling of strangeness stole over her drowsy senses and she sat up dazed and winking.

Virginia upon her knees before her trunk lifted a laughing rosy face from its depths as she heard Sue stirring.

"Good morning, sleepy girl," she said gayly, "I've been up and dressed an hour. But you don't need to hurry, that was only the rising bell."

"Goodness gracious, child!" gasped Sue, struggling with her hooks and eyes. "Why did n't you say a word? I did n't want to miss a moment of *really* being here!"

"O Sue, we are the luckiest girls, the view from our window is over the river and it is beautiful. It was so kind of Miss Gribble to get this room for us. You know it is only empty because some senior decided not to come back."

"Blessings on the senior, and, oh, won't Martha be hopping when she gets here and finds she's left! Is n't it the biggest old joke. She was so high and mighty when she said that about not caring to arrive with the 'mob!' Won't it be fun to see her in some dinky little back room?"

"I—don't—know—" said Virginia, slowly sinking back upon the floor and clasping her hands about her knees. "I did n't mean to

tell you, Sue, but you see, I really do like Martha, and even if I did n't—I knew she would feel horrid to come and have some unpleasant room—when I was here—and might have helped—so I asked Mrs. Rood last night to please arrange it. She said it was unusual, but at last she consented, and while you were singing for Miss Gribble I chose a room I am sure Martha will like. You don't care, Sue?"

"Care!" cried Sue, tumbling down in a heap beside Virginia. "Care, you precious! I'm glad Virginia! I truly am!"

"And you don't think I'm trying to act good-goody?" whispered Virginia with her head on Sue's shoulder. "I thought it would be lots of fun to see her dismay when I first thought of it, but really—"

"But really this is a hundred times better. I'm not going to say I love Martha, but yet I'm glad I did n't get a chance to act mean."

"And you don't think—"

"That you are trying to preach to me? Not a bit of it! But goodness, I've got to hurry, or I'll get my head taken off the very first day!"

Virginia and Sue—Sue very jaunty in her dyed jacket—opened their door at the first tap of the breakfast bell.

"Good morning, dicky birds, on time, I see," came in a cheery voice from Miss Gribble's open door. "One moment and I will go with you. Ah, here are Miss Carr and Miss Wills," went on Miss Gribble, coming out just as the two girls appeared. "I notice we never have any lazy girls the first morning. I hope you all slept well. This is going to be a glorious day. Good morning, good morning!" The girls were appearing from all directions now and trooping together down the broad stairway, and pretty it was to see how each face brightened at Miss Gribble's greeting.

"Good morning, young ladies. Good morning!" and a black-eyed, white-haired little woman who was standing just inside the dining-room door caught her gown and made a gay little courtesy to the whole group.

"Why Miss Hope, when did you arrive?" cried the girls.

"Did you really think I would let you get on without me?" laughed Miss Hope. "I

surprised our good Mrs. Rood that I might have the pleasure of breakfasting with you. How do you do, Miss Gribble. Ah, here are Miss Sargeant, Miss White, Miss Decker and Fraülein Prather. Now all our teachers are here except Miss Childs and our new teacher, Miss Thaw, who will arrive to-day. We are going to do exceptional work after our long vacation, I am sure. After breakfast I shall expect to meet the young ladies in my office. Miss Decker, I will take breakfast at your table, with your permission; I have not quite decided upon my guests for the year."

"Oh, Miss Hope, *please!*" cried a dozen of the older girls beseechingly.

Miss Hope laughed and waving them a gay denial took Miss Decker's arm and crossed the room.

"You see," said May Price, a Senior, to Sue, "It's a very great privilege to sit at Miss Hope's table. But you new girls must n't think she is always gay like that. My, just you wait until you see those black eyes flash and that little figure stiffen up, and if you don't feel like creeping under the sofa you are a braver girl than I am!"

"Is n't she kind?" asked Virginia.

"Oh, so-so," replied May, shrugging her shoulders. "She's strong on discipline, and somewhat capricious, I think, but most of the girls adore her."

As the girls filed into the office that morning it seemed to Sue that her heart had never beaten so hard nor fast in her life. Among the new girls she and Virginia were the first called. Miss Hope sat in her swivel chair before her desk. Sue felt that those black eyes saw and understood every fault within and without.

"So this is Virginia Clayton," said Miss Hope, offering her hand to Virginia. "You have a father to be proud of, my dear, and I hope you will do your best to make him proud of you. Miss Sargeant, whom you will see in the library, will attend to your classes and standings. Mrs. Rood tells me you have been given a room and a roommate, and Miss Gribble has asked that both you and your roommate be placed at her table, and as long as you are both good I have no objection. And this is Susan Roberts, Mrs. Fulton's niece. My

dear, I first knew your aunt when she was Serena Roberts, the prettiest, liveliest girl at Madam Whitney's academy. I think she was the veriest madcap I ever knew."

"Aunt Serena!" gasped Sue in astonishment, in spite of her fear of Miss Hope. "Aunt Serena a madcap! Why I supposed she was a regular woolly lamb! She is always giving me Hail Columbia for every old thing I do!"

It was Virginia's turn to gasp now, although Miss Hope made no reply to Sue's startling speech except a sharp glance, but turning to her desk she searched a moment for a letter which she looked over hastily.

"Yes, I see, I see," she remarked. "I had almost forgotten. Well, Miss Roberts, as we grow older, there often takes place a great change in character, in mind and manner just as there does in appearance, or else all our teaching, studying, working and praying would be for naught. I am glad you two girls are to be together. Miss Sargent is waiting for you now and will attend to your placing,"—she dismissed them with an imperative wave of her hand and a keen smile that lightened her face without warming it. May Price was right, thought Sue, she could hardly believe this was the gay little figure with the sweeping courtesies.

"What do you think of her, Virginia?" asked Sue as the two girls passed out and walked down the hall toward the library. "Are n't you surprised? She is n't a bit as I expected from those violet letters. I would n't care to get on the wrong side of her."

"She is the most distinguished-looking small woman I ever saw, Sue, and I like her so much. When you said that awful thing about your Aunt Serena, though, I almost sank, for I expected to see you dragged off to a dungeon, but she never seemed to hear it."

"She heard it all right, honey, don't you doubt that, I felt a shiver down my spine the moment those words left my lips, and those black eyes said something I could n't quite make out, but it meant that it would be 'all day with Susie' if she did n't be good. But all the same I liked her, Virginia. She's the sort you can tie to and I can't imagine any one away from my own home I'd rather have care for me or be pleased with me than Miss Hope."

"Well," cried May Price, skipping down the hall after them, "Did you fall under the prexy's spell? Is n't she fine! Frightened you out of your wits, I suppose, poor little firsties! I feel for you most deeply. I will admit I was trying to frighten you this morning, but she certainly is a Tartar if you once rouse her and let her know you don't intend to study, or be what she calls a 'tru-r-r woman.' I'd rather have Miss Hope call me a 'tru-r-r woman' than be knighted. But I never expect it, for that only comes to a very select few."

"Pets?" inquired Sue.

"No-o-o," mused May. "You could n't tell the truth and say Elizabeth Hope has pets. She is the sort you can win only by your inward grace. Oh, you can't beg, buy, nor borrow, or even steal your way into her favor! I have seen every one of those ways tried, too. You can get there by just one route, namely, to earn it and I'm here to tell you the way is long and stony. She is slow, but she's sure, and there is n't any mothering in her, not a mite, for all she is so little, and pretty, and almost girlishly gay at times; so don't be expecting any sloppings-over."

"Any one can see that," assented Sue. "But I like her just the same."

"She has a mind like a man," went on May. "My, wait until you are in one of her classes, and then if you are n't enthusiastic it is because you can't appreciate a good teacher! But it is always discipline with a large D, and she never errs on the side of mercy, let me tell you. The best way to get on with her is 'never to let her strike the first discordant note in you, then you are safe to have your melody at Hope Hall sweep on in sweetest harmony,'" chuckled May, making quotation marks on both sides of her blooming face by snapping her fingers. "Don't think for a moment I was smart enough to get up that delicious epigram, that's a bit from Anne Demuth who was graduated last year. Poor Anne, her melody did anything but sweep, but she was great fun, and did n't the feathers fly when she and Miss Hope met in the arena. But now you are going to meet

the real mother of Hope Hall. Miss Sargent is good and dear and everybody loves her."

The whole day came out beautifully, Sue told Virginia that night as she stood brushing out her curls before her mirror. Miss Sargent had been very kind and by a little extra study Sue would be able to enter the same classes with Virginia, except that while Virginia had third year French, Sue was just beginning. Then Miss Gribble's table was the merriest in the dining room and the girls were so friendly and nice.

"I just love that Enid Fenno at our table. Don't you, Virginia?"

"You see, I never get acquainted as quickly as you do," yawned Virginia. "Ugh, but I am sleepy. I did like May Price though and that little Miss Crum. Did n't you?"

"That Crum girl! O Virginia, I just detested her!"

"Now, Sue, you know you don't mean that. Did you notice her lovely eyes, and she said such kind things of everyone."

"So ho, Missy, I've caught you this time. The reason you did not feel acquainted with Enid is because she is such a dandy gossip, but she is awfully funny, and she can talk Irish as if she came from Cork. Did you notice the empty chair at Miss Decker's table right behind me?"

"Yes I did, and Miss Crum said it was for Miss Dempcy, of Kentucky."

"And, O Virginia, Enid says she is a regular cracker-jack of a girl! Her name is Nancy Jane Dempcy and all the girls call her Nancy Jancy Dempcy. Is n't that fun? And they say she is so awfully brilliant at her lessons that Miss Hope puts up with her, though she gives her particular fits once a week and does not trust her at all. Oh, it has been a lovely day, but, oh—and oh, I would—like—to—see—mother—and—little—Ben!" And Sue's voice trailed away in a half sob.

"Dear old slangy Sue," comforted Virginia, as she turned out the gas and raised the window shade. "See, dear, there is the same old moon that is shining just as kindly on Cherryfair."

(To be continued.)



"TAKING TURNS"—ONLY ONE BABY CARRIAGE TO THREE DOLLS.

## THE CURE OF JOE'S BEE-STING.

(Founded upon an actual incident.)

BY HARRY M. GRAVES.

UPON taking her leave for a week's visit Mrs. Mento's last secret instructions to her son were of hygienic character. While grandpa was looking after his daughter's baggage Mrs. Mento improved the opportunity to speak upon a subject forbidden in his presence.

"Now, Joe, in my absence don't forget what I have told you about Mental Science if you should be ill. You can treat yourself as effectively as I can, and do not forget grandpa is opposed to our way, and when you declare 'the truth' be cautious, and do not let grandpa hear you or see you, for, being in the dark, as he is, he will, of course, check your further

efforts, and the influence of his opposition will retard any cures you may attempt. Just remember that mind is all and matter is an error and no ills can hold you down."

"All right, mama, I'll remember to—"

"Sh-h-h, grandpa is drawing near," and further conversation upon the forbidden topic was avoided.

Soon the train pulled up at the station, and after a minute of hurry and bustle and din and clatter the train steamed away and Joe and grandpa returned home.

After dinner, when grandpa had gone to the bank, of which he was president, Joe began to

develop the plans that were already hatched in his young mind as to the best manner of enjoying a week's respite from combined motherly and grandfatherly discipline. His young mind reasoned that bare feet were better for a boy's freedom of action, and so Joe cast off his shoes and stockings with gusto.

As nimble as a deer now, Joe ran out of the rear door of the house, and the housekeeper, looking at him from the kitchen window, could not tell which was head and which were feet as Joe turned somersault after somersault down the slope to the river-bank.

Arrived at the edge of the water, Joe flung himself down in the shade of a sheltering oak and paddled his feet forward and back in the cool water of the stream. Lying flat upon the soft grass, with his legs hanging over the verdant ledge, Joe watched the birds in the tree above him, and lent his ears to their songs and to the humming of bees and other insects and inhaled the fragrant breath that was wafted from the odoriferous flowers close at hand, and this care-free lad kicked and splashed the water till the birds chattered and scolded in angry disapproval of such a commotion. But the bees cared little about Joe or his water-churning. They buzzed from flower to flower in their life's occupation of gathering honey, and never heeded so unimportant an object as a little boy lying on the grass. But the boy's attention was drawn to the bees, for one came buzzing so near to his nose that Joe involuntarily struck at it, and then he turned over on his side and watched the bee until it disappeared from his view. Then Joe noticed that another bee buzzed past in the same direction, and another and another. Joe's investigating instinct was aroused. He arose and ran after one bee and another until he perceived a brown, squash-shaped object in the brush from which and into which these busy insects were passing. Joe's desire of conquest was awakened. There was honey in the nest, Joe was sure of that. He had no

honey, but he wanted some. That was Joe's philosophy. His conscience did not trouble him any; the honey would be his by right of conquest, and he soon formed a plan of attack.

With a leaf-covered switch in each hand Joe advanced upon the stronghold. A single combatant emerged from the aperture in the besieged nest. Swish! The foe was vanquished. Two more emerged. Swish! Swash! One fell to the ground, the other was dazed but retreated into the nest. Joe advanced a



"SO HE TURNED ABRUPTLY AND MADE A DOUBLE-QUICK RETREAT."

step. A small swarm poured out of the opening and quickly forming a phalanx bore down upon the enemy. Joe fought valiantly. His switches cut the air from right to left; from left to right and upward and downward. The line of the besieged was broken and the defenders were put to rout, but Joe's victory was but temporary. A reserve force of bees quickly came to the rescue and Joe battled bravely on until, by a freak of chance, one of his weapons broke near his hand and flew far from him. He continued to war with one switch, but, upon being hard pressed by the ever-increasing force of the foe, Joe held a brief council of war and quickly decided that, in the face of the odds against him, a well-ordered retreat would not be a military disgrace. So he turned abruptly but in good form and made a double-quick retreat, at the same time beating the air about his head with



his switch to prevent the inconsiderate bees from attacking him from the rear. He succeeded in keeping the ever-increasing number of bees away from his head and arms, but, like Achilles of old, there was an unprotected spot upon his body beyond the range of his circling

ness. Mind is good; health is good. Mind is health; body is error, nothing."

Joe did not hear the street-door open softly, and was surprised when grandpa asked him what was amiss.

"Oh, nuthin'," said Joe, evasively, checking a little sob.

"Yes there is, Joe. Tell me."

"Well, 't ain't much," said Joe.

"Joe would n't cry if it was n't much," said grandpa, encouragingly. "What is it now?"

"Just a claim," said Joe, evasively.

"Claim! Bah! Call it flame, game, shame, blame, tame, name! Call it what you will, something has happened to you and I want to know what it is,"—this firmly but not unkindly. Grandpa loved his grandson, but he could not tolerate the theories nor the phrases of mental healing.

"No more of that nonsense, now; what's the matter?"

"Well—a—well—a—error says a bee stung my heel."

"Well, if error talks that way it is probably right and your foot needs attention," and grandpa went out and procured a bottle of "Liquid Alleviator of All Ailments," and proceeded to administer to the injured member.

"But I don't want that, grandpa. It's only mind that can really cure."

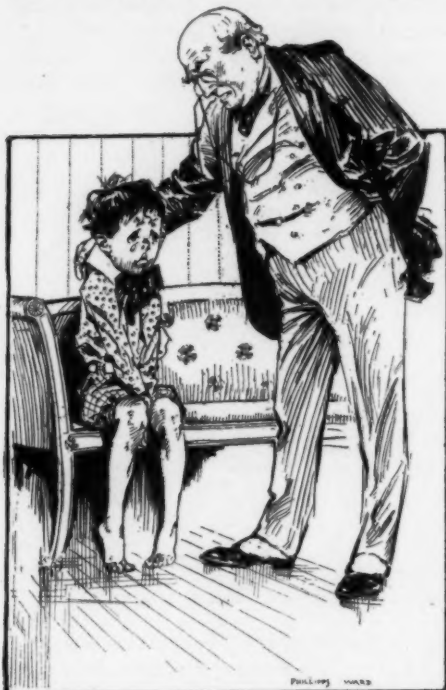
"Tut, tut; there's nothing in that fanciful nonsense." Then grandpa proceeded to give his usual opinion of mental science.

"It's all wrong. It's built upon a foundation of sand. Mind cannot control the body. I can prove it by two arguments: First, mind is but the result of a chemical action. Second, a result cannot affect or control a cause. Those are logical and philosophical truths and are unanswerable." Grandpa always argued it that way, and said it in so positive a tone of finality that Mrs. Mento never continued the discussion, and Joe, of course, accepted the statement on trust.

"Stick out your foot."

Joe demurred.

Grandpa was firm, and Joe finally thrust out his foot very reluctantly, and the liniment was very generously applied to the heel and a bandage carefully tied around it.



"NO MORE OF THAT NONSENSE, NOW; WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

switch. This spot appealed to one bee brighter and more experienced than the rest, and when Joe's heel was in the air nearly as high as his head the wise insect fastened itself upon the heel and stung it viciously.

The battle, valiantly fought on both sides, was terminated, but Joe's misery had just begun. With a howl of pain, he increased his speed and came limping up to the house.

Remembering his mother's injunctions, he quietly sought out a secluded corner in the parlor, and, trying to repress the truant tears, he began the *mental* battle.

"Mind is all; matter is an error. Matter has no feeling, and cannot pain or smart. There is no such thing as pain. It is all nothing-

"There," said grandpa, complacently. "That'll cure your heel. Now tell me how you came to be stung."

Joe told him of his fight with the bees, and grandpa laughed heartily, and, growing reminiscent, told Joe of a similar experience he had had when *he* was a boy.

"You'll be all right in a short time. Now don't let me hear any more of that foolish glibberish about 'error.'"

In the course of a few days the effects of the sting entirely disappeared, and grandpa hailed the cure as a great triumph for medicine, while Joe felt equally confident the cure was a notable victory for mental science. Could Mother Naturespeak, she, no doubt, with good grounds would have claimed the victory as her own.

Joe said nothing of the affair to his mother when she returned, but grandpa was exultant and could not let the opportunity of vindicating medicines slip by.

"Stella, we've had a beautiful demonstration of the efficacy of *Materia Medica* and of its superiority over mental science while you were away. Joe received a serious sting on the foot, and a prompt application of pain-killer effectually cured it.

"Did n't Joe 'treat' it?" asked Mrs. Mento. Joe entered the room at this juncture.

"He did what you call 'treating' it, but it was the liniment that cured the sting. I tell you that mental science is all wrong. The mind cannot control the body. I can prove it by two logical and philosophical arguments:

first, mind is the result of chemical action; second, a result cannot affect or control a cause. So it was the liniment that cured the sting in this case."

"No, I'm afraid it was n't," said Joe, with rising inflection as though he wished to say more but awaited permission. Both his mother and grandpa looked in surprise at Joe.



JOE PROVES HIS CASE.

"Well?" said grandpa, just a little defiantly but encouragingly.

"I can logic'ly and phil'sophic'ly prove by two unanswerable arguments that it was n't the liniment that healed the sting," said Joe, confidently, with an imitation of grandpa's air when delivering *his* two arguments.

"Well?" said grandpa, interested.

"Well, first, it was my *right* foot that was stung; and second, it was my *left* foot that you put the liniment on."

Grandpa's eyes opened wide, his jaw dropped, and the paper he had been reading fell from his hand, and for a moment he gazed at Joe in utter astonishment and complete disgust. Then his hand stole to his face to conceal a suspicion of a smile.

"Joe," said grandpa, very softly

"Yes, sir," he said timidly

"Go down and tell Bridget it is time to serve tea."

When Joe had gone Mrs. Mento did not speak; but grandpa would a thousand times over have preferred her to say *anything* she wished rather than to wear that irrepressible look of triumph and vindication and exultation.

"Well, well!" said grandpa, laconically, as though by those two words to dismiss the entire subject. "It does not signify, it does not signify! Nature had plenty of time to work her own cure without the help of science.—But that Joe is a wonderful boy. He 'll be President some day."

Mrs. Mento cherished the same opinion, and she smiled sweetly at grandpa.



MRS. TOM COD, TO A TRAMP SAW-FISH: "YES, MY POOR MAN, I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO EAT IF YOU 'LL SAW UP THAT FILE OF CORAL YONDER."

## POLLY'S POUND PARTY.

BY MARY V. WORSTELL.

POLLY OSBORN sat in a dark blue Morris chair pulled up before a crackling grate fire, and as Polly was small for her fifteen years, the big chair seemed not more than half occupied. Some matter of deep concern was occupying her mind for a little scowl was trying its best to knot up her forehead, and in her hand she held a letter which she turned, mechanically, round and round.

Polly looked as wretched as—well, as it was possible for our pretty Polly to look. There is no telling to what depths of despair she might not have descended if her meditations had not been interrupted by the sound of a light footstep approaching. A tap on the door, and the next instant there appeared Polly's particular and intimate friend, Abbie Andrews. In appearance she was very different from Polly, for she was tall and finely proportioned, with the promise of a Juno-like beauty in the years to come.

"Well, Polly!" she exclaimed, "what's the matter?"

"Matter?" said Polly, "well, something *is* the matter though possibly you may think it of little importance. You remember Mother's Christmas celebration for some of the poorer families over at the foundry? It seems as if this year everything is conspiring to make it quite impossible. Aunt Ida has been very ill with typhoid and now it looks as if Mother would have to go with her to Florida for a few weeks, and so her plan for a fair about the end of November is quite out of the question."

"That's so," assented Abbie, "it does seem really impossible. I wonder if we could n't get up something besides a fair—private theatricals, a concert, a masquerade, anything whereby we could raise the necessary money. How much does it cost, Polly? Hundreds, I suppose, judging by the joy it brings to the mothers and children of that wretched part of town that we see so little of."

"It would cost," said Polly, with a distinct note of discouragement in her voice, "it would cost at least a hundred and fifty dollars to duplicate last year's celebration. I know Mother feels sorrier than she says, but I suppose it can't be helped. She will hardly be home before the first or second week in December and then it's too late to do anything but prepare the celebration, *if* she has the money."

"Well," said Abbie philosophically, "if it can't be helped, I would try not to think about it." At that moment the maid entered with chocolate and wafers, and while she was arranging them on a taboret, placed sociably between two big easy-chairs, Abbie exclaimed:

"Polly, dear, hear the news I bring, though it is a small budget to-day. To begin with, Dorothy Sanger is home again. She must have had great fun at her aunt's, for she went to theater-parties and teas, and dances and a pound-party—whatever that may be—and for more drives and receptions than she could count. Her cousins are great favorites and go everywhere. I think she—"

"Stop!" said Polly, holding up a warning finger. "What *is* a pound party?"

"Why, I believe every one brings a pound of something instead of buying a ticket—and then they auction off the packages unopened. I don't remember all the details. Why?"

"Why!" echoed Polly, setting down her cup and jumping up—"because—*that's it*."

"Polly Osborn, what are you talking about?"

"That's it, Abbie, you dear, stupid old goose. *That's* what we can give and raise the money we will need for the Christmas celebration—don't you see?"

"But—Polly" objected Abbie, "I know nothing of the details of the affair—"

"And I don't *want* to," said Polly with decision. "Why should n't we make the 'details,' as you call them, to suit ourselves?"

Let us! and we'll think of all sorts of jolly jokes to work in. A 'pound party!' Why, the very name is captivating, for one begins to think of all the funny one-pound packages that could be brought by throngs of eager people. For instance,—raisins, sugar, carpet-tacks, rice, dried apricots, soap, hairpins, tea-pots, clothes-brushes, paper-weights, candy, books, oranges, grapes, pictures, overshoes—"

"Polly, Polly, your imagination is running away with you," said Abbie as Polly paused for breath, "but it certainly begins to sound awfully jolly."

"Jolly! It will be the greatest fun! Do you think your Mother would consent to be the one and only 'Patroness?'"

"Come and find out," laughed Abbie.

Twenty minutes later the two girls were closeted with Mrs. Andrews, who entered heartily into the plan.

"You see, Mrs. Andrews," said Polly, "we can scatter invitations broadcast, for the more the merrier, especially as each one must bring a pound of something."

"Now about the auctioneer," said Mrs. Andrews; "much of the success will depend on him. Have you thought of any one?"

"I thought," suggested Polly, "that a certain foot-ball player, who will be home for Thanksgiving, might consent to serve."

Mrs. Andrews glanced affectionately at the photograph of a foot-ball player, her son Frederic, in full regalia, who beamed affably upon her from the mantelpiece.

"Why not have Bayard Coleman?" asked Abbie, in a half-injured tone.

"And I," said Mrs. Andrews, laughingly, "had Norman MacDonald in mind."

There was a moment's pause, for each was considering the claims of these candidates for the important office of auctioneer.

It was Polly who cut the Gordian knot.

"Why not have all three?"

"Polly," said Mrs. Andrews, "you are a diplomat! I see that all details may safely be left in your capable little hands. Make all of your plans and then come and tell me about them. I am sure the result will be a charming evening, and we will hope that every-

body will come with plump purses. Would n't it be altogether delightful if the result was—that hundred and fifty dollars! We'll hope for it, anyhow."

A week later all preliminaries were arranged. The young men named had been duly requested, and had consented to serve as auctioneers; and invitations had been scattered broadcast. That august personage, the President of the School Board, had been interviewed and had kindly allowed them the use of the lower floor of the High School for all of the Friday following Thanksgiving. A Committee on Decoration had been appointed and had consulted at length on the comparative values of bunting and evergreen as embellishment for the main room. A combination of both was decided upon and numberless flags, big and little, were borrowed and safely stowed away till Friday, November thirtieth.

The invitations,—but wait—I have one right here, and I will copy it word for word (for I may as well tell you now that this Pound Party actually took place!).

Dear . . . . . (then followed the name of the person invited): Will you come to our Pound Party? It is to be given at 8 o'clock, Friday night, November thirtieth, at the High School. Instead of buying a ticket of admission, please bring a pound-package, securely wrapped, so that its contents may not be guessed. In value it must be not less than twenty-five cents (nor more than twenty-five dollars!). For the most original pound, a prize—a beautiful pound-cake—will be awarded. The money thus raised will be devoted to a worthy Christmas charity. We hope the wide scope allowed in the selection of pound-packages will make the evening a memorable one for all who take part, as well as for those who will eventually profit by your generosity.

Yours truly,

POLLY OSBORNE,  
ABBIE ANDREWS,

Mrs. JOSEPH WINTHROP ANDREWS,  
Patroness.

The eventful day dawned gray and cold and until noon it was an open question whether it would be cloudy or clear. Then the sun seemed to catch the spirit of gaiety which animated the party who were transforming the white walls of the big school-room into masses of green, with flags, bright bits of lovely color, flashing at frequent intervals.



Polly and Abbie were at the school by seven o'clock. They had hardly laid aside their wraps when a dray backed up to the door of the building and the driver brought in a huge box, nearly five feet square, and tied with broad white satin ribbon.

"This," he announced, "weighs just a wee bit more than a pound, and the sender's name will be found on a card in the box, after it has been sold, unopened."

Such a wonderful pound as that was gave rise to numberless conjectures from the girls. With laughter and girlish fun they placed it beside the auctioneer's platform, and an impro-



"'WHY!' ECHOED POLLY, 'BECAUSE *that's it!*'"

vised screen hid it till the time should come for it to be displayed.

"Oh, Polly!" exclaimed Abbie, popping up behind the big box, so that only her head was visible. "What if only a baker's dozen came! Would n't it be disappointing! Only a baker's dozen of bundles to auction off! That would be just four for each auctioneer, and one more, for luck! And what do you suppose is in this box? It really is n't heavy if it is big. And look at the yards of ribbon that tie it. I've a good mind to buy it myself and then wear white satin stocks and belts till I'm a grandmother, when, of course, I must wear gray."

"Abbie—you ridiculous girl! Come here this minute and help me get these tables ready for the pound-packages that will surely come.

Everybody is talking about the Pound Party and ever so many have told me that they were sure of winning the prize pound-cake. Here come some people now."

The "people" proved to be half a dozen who lived near, and also the trio of auctioneers, who pretended to be greatly frightened at the part they were to play in the evening's fun.

Then came another group—then more and more and more till the big handsome hall was filled to overflowing, and such a mass of queerly shaped bundles as were piled up on the tables, close to the auctioneers, I do believe were never seen before or since.

Five minutes after eight the fun began. The auctioneers' "turns" were decided by "drawing lots," and so it chanced that Bayard Coleman "opened the ball." In a neat little speech he stated the object of the Pound Party, to raise enough money to make possible a Christmas celebration for some of the poor families in the "foundry district," and added that "since their appointment all of the auctioneers had been practising the gentle art of overestimating the value of everything they looked at,—that they were loaded to the muzzle with every art and wile of the genuine auctioneer, and that if the evening's pecuniary results proved all they hoped, they had determined to forsake golf, college, and even foot-ball, and identify themselves forever after with the less dangerous gavel."

Then began the real business of the evening. The first parcel,—large and flat—was knocked down to a prim old lady for thirty cents. With eager fingers she untied the string, opened the parcel, and took out a flaming green fan with poppies painted all over it. A gay young bachelor next tried his luck, and paid seventy-five cents for a large bundle which contained a small pair of shoe-trees, tied together with pink ribbon. These he promptly swung over his arm, and generously offered to bestow on the first lady whose dainty foot proved her right to them. A long umbrella-box seemed to promise unbounded possibilities and the owner soon gazed ruefully upon a double line of candles for which he had paid two dollars.

Soon after came a small, ordinary-looking package, not as big as your hand, which was

knocked down for eighty cents. It proved to be a gold coin,—a genuine English "pound." This was bought by a lady whose means were reputed to be large. She promptly handed the coin back to the auctioneer and requested him to auction it off again. This time it brought six dollars, and it was freely remarked among the audience that the sender of *that* pound really deserved the big pound-cake, which was exhibited on a table by itself. But the evening was not over,—besides, there was the huge box behind the screen.

Each auctioneer presided for ten minutes and the friendly rivalry among them made plenty of fun.

Some one had contributed a light wicker basket, tied with broad cherry ribbon. A slight movement within the basket made the interest rise to fever heat. It was finally sold for three dollars, and when the new owner opened the basket out came—not the kitten, nor the guinea-pig, nor the rattlesnake, nor the squirrel, nor the pug-dog—that the auctioneer had suggested—but out stepped a pair of the whitest, snowiest, stateliest pigeons you ever saw. And they were very tame. They made no effort to fly away, but quietly settled on the shoulder of their new owner, and looked about as calmly as if they attended Pound Parties every evening in the week.

Another package was announced as "over weight" and therefore expensive. It was evidently over weight, but of engaging appearance. It was sold for a dollar and fifteen



"DOZENS AND DOZENS OF TOY BALLOONS OF ALL COLORS FLOATED UPWARD."

cents. The buyer hopefully cut the string and unrolled, from a dozen or more layers of white tissue paper—a hammer! Wrapped around the handle was a sheet of paper on which was written:

## OWED TO A HAMMER.

Will this win the pound-cake we all so desire  
 And so leap to fame at a bound?  
 An honest old hammer, I'm surely no shammer,  
 I'll pound, pound, pound.

So take me, and welcome, new owner to be,  
 For king of all parcels I'm crowned;  
 If I don't "take the cake" the echoes I'll wake,  
 For I'll pound, pound, pound.

These verses had been obligingly read by Fred Andrews who happened to be auctioneer at the time and there was a feeling, widely voiced among the buyers, that either the sender of the hammer or the doves deserved the prize. But about that time Polly remembered the huge box behind the screen, and, taking advantage of a moment's lull, she had the auctioneers again "draw lots" to decide which one should sell it. The choice fell to Norman Macdonald.

After calling attention to the fact that various small articles of value had been sold, and that the buyers had expressed entire satisfaction with their purchases, with a great show of ceremony the screen was removed, and there stood the huge, ribbon-decked box. A murmur of "oh" and "ah" ran round for a few minutes before the bidding began. And lively? You never heard anything like it. In two minutes it was up to ten dollars and going still higher. A little later it got as high as seventeen and there it seemed to stay till Judge Christy bid "seventeen and a half."

"And sold!"

As it was quite impossible to pass the ponderous box to the Judge, he stepped forward to inspect his unwieldy acquisition. Polly, who knew the Judge well, asked if she could help him.

"Why, yes, Miss Polly," he answered, "take care of all this nonsensical stuff for me," and he untied the ribbon and wound it, in big loops, around Polly's shoulders.

Then he slowly lifted the cover, and such a chorus of happy, little astonished sounds rose, as dozens and dozens of toy balloons of all

colors floated upward, blue, red, yellow, white, some with short strings attached, some with long. Surely, there never was a prettier transformation-scene than the room presented, with the countless colored globes floating lazily upward or swinging lightly in mid-air.

The Judge himself was the first to break the spell. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "as the owner of all those balloons, I want to make a statement. They are all for sale! Any one wanting a balloon to take home, must first pay ten cents to our friend, Miss Polly Osborne. When the money has been paid, and not before, the balloons may be captured. The price will remain the same though the balloons may go higher."

And Polly, still swathed in yards and yards of white satin ribbon, received more dimes than I would dare to state.

Of course, the sender of the box of balloons, who chanced to be a fun-loving grown man, and one of the proprietors of the big foundry, received the pound-cake with a suitable little note of congratulation from the "one and only Patroness."

And the two girl-friends agreed that she was exactly the person for that office, for when the Pound Party was over, a dozen or more happy young people made merry for an hour or more at Mrs. Andrew's delightful supper-table. The Judge made one of the party, for he assured them that he was not much over twenty-one, in spite of his iron-gray locks.

And Abbie and Polly felt amply rewarded for all their efforts in behalf of that almost relinquished Christmas celebration. Certain it is, that on December first Polly wrote her Mother a long letter which ended in these words:

"And think, Mother dear, the money for the tree and the dinner and the numerous tons of coal is really secured. For Father (just think of it! I am almost too happy and excited to write) has just put into the safe for me a big roll of bills—two hundred and seventy dollars! And if all the dear girls and boys had n't entered into the spirit and fun of the whole thing it never could have come to pass, and so made very happy

Your own loving  
 POLLY."



A LITTLE MATINEE GIRL. "OH, YES! I'VE SEEN PETER PAN, AND I *do* BELIEVE IN FAIRIES!"

## A KINDERGARTEN LESSON.

BY HELEN STANDISH PERKINS.



"THREE rings as bright as silver,  
And seven cut in half,  
And such a funny man appeared  
He really made me laugh.  
'Ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha!' said he.  
'I'm Mr. Jollyboy, you see.'"

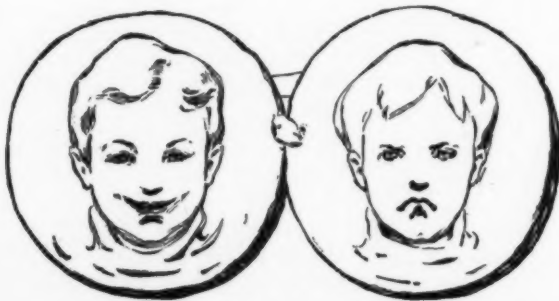


MR. JOLLYBOY.

Then Dorothy bethought herself  
A little change to try,  
And lo! so doleful was the face  
It nearly made her cry.  
'Boo hoo! boo hoo! boo hoo!' wept he.  
'I'm Mr. Sorryboy, you see.'"



MR. SORRYBOY.





## FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF THREE.

BY UNCLE NED.

*Moo, moo!*

What can I do  
For my little girl of three?  
I will eat the sweet grass,  
I will give her a glass  
Of my milk for her tea;  
Moo, moo! that 's what I 'll do  
For my dear little maiden of three.



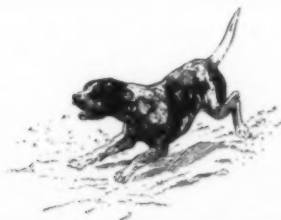
*Mew, mew!*

What can I do  
For my little girl of three?  
I will catch all the mice,  
And they shall not come twice  
To the cake, you 'll see;  
Mew, mew! that 's what I 'll do  
For my sweet little maiden of three.



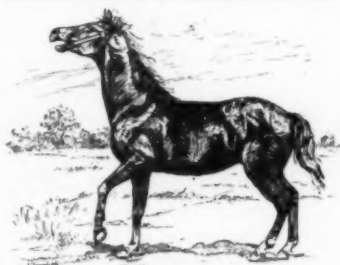
*Bow-wow!*

I will go now  
With my little girl of three;  
I will make a great noise;  
I will frighten the boys,  
For they all fear me;  
Bow-wow! that is just how  
I 'll guard my sweet maiden of three.

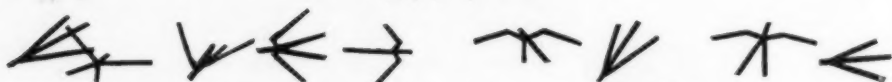
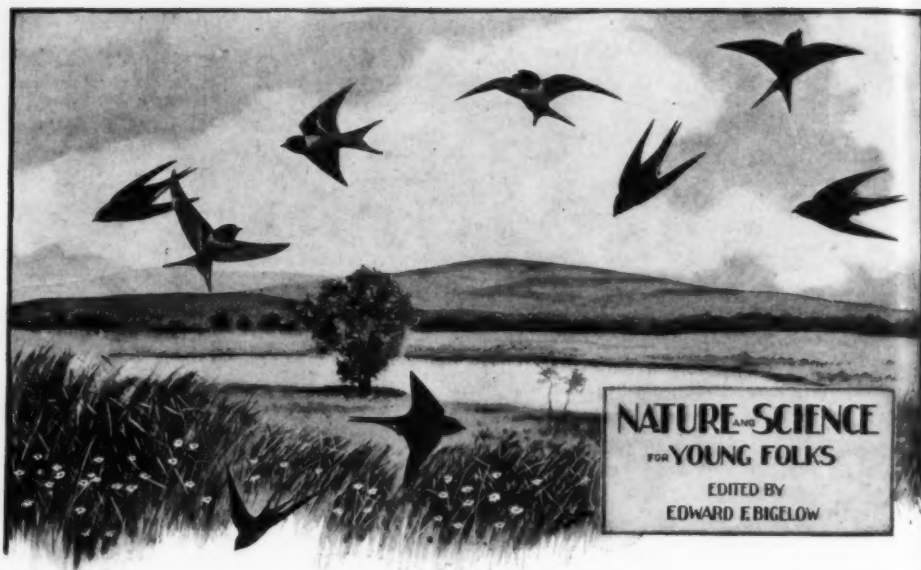


*Neigh, neigh!*

Out of the way  
For my little girl of three!  
I will give her a ride,  
We will canter and glide  
O'er the meadowy lea;  
Neigh, neigh! that 's just the way  
I 'll help my sweet maiden of three.







VARIOUS FLIGHT-POSITIONS OF BARN SWALLOWS, AND THEIR CORRESPONDING "SHORTHAND."

#### SHORTHAND FOR POSES AND FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

How grand is the hawk or the eagle sailing far away in the blue sky! And how beautiful are the song birds, each in its favorite position to sing, the song sparrow with head thrown back, the bobolink sailing down to the grass with raised wings! Those who have spent much time watching birds in the field know

how differently the various birds perch, fly, run, climb or feed. The warblers catch flies, but they do not do it in such an interesting way as do the true flycatchers. We come to know a bird by the flight or walk, just as we know other friends by their gait or even by the sound of their tread. In flight, the wings of many different birds make peculiar sounds whereby we may know the birds even if they



Yellow-bellied sapsucker.

Downy woodpecker.

Brown creeper.

White-breasted nuthatch.

#### MODES OF PROGRESS OF TREE-CLIMBING BIRDS ON TREE TRUNKS.

The courses of the two at the left are indicated by the birds' borings in the bark. The dotted lines on the two trees at the right are made by the artist to show the birds' courses—they are not borings by the birds.

themselves are out of sight. It is not at all necessary to get close enough to a bird to see its exact color, or the shape of its bill and feet; for its movements and outlines can be seen at a greater distance; and so we may know the bird even though it should fly away, as birds often do as soon as we try to stalk them for a nearer view.

There are many unexpected delights to be

and scanning the twigs and *upper* side of leaves. A flycatcher selects a dead or exposed bough, where he *sits* motionless, upright, tail drooped, until he leaves the tree entirely, though perhaps to return after the pursuit of a flying insect.

Of inland water-birds,—ducks, geese, loons, and grebes may be distinguished from gulls and terns by a straight-forward flight, never



FLIGHT POSITION OF MALLARD DUCK.

Also of other wild ducks, geese, loons and brants.



FLIGHT POSITION OF NIGHTHAWK.

Also of sparrow hawk.



FLIGHT POSITION OF RED-TAILED HAWK.

Also all the soaring hawks, gulls and eagles.

discovered by any one who will closely watch the flight of birds. Watch even the familiar barn swallows for one hour, as they dart and sail and skim and wheel and float and hang suspended and drift away on the breeze. You will be convinced that there are few things more graceful in all nature.

Some positions and movements are common to all the members of a certain bird-family; others are peculiar to a species. First we shall look at the *family* movements and poses, taking a few families to illustrate. Among perching birds, thrushes usually *stand* motionless; sparrows stand or *sit*, but are less at ease than the thrushes, more restless. Both these families generally assume a slanting position on the bough. Orioles usually progress in trees by "sidling" along the branches, vireos by flitting from bough to bough, repeatedly hovering *under* the leaves. Warblers, by hopping from twig to twig, while exploring one main branch

zig-zagging or slowly soaring like the long-winged swimmers. Ducks have a more rapid wing-beat than geese; which, in turn fly with a rather heavy motion, somewhat like the loon's. The several families may usually be further distinguished by the size and the shapes of the flocks. Loons usually go singly, and are more often to be seen in flight than grebes, who also travel without flocking. Compare the upright position of the owls with the prone nighthawk and the whip-poor-will; one sleeps "standing up," and one "lying down."

Among the tree climbers there are still nicer distinctions, both in the *manner* of climbing and the courses of the birds upon the trunks. The woodpeckers, with feet and tail adapted to clinging to an upright surface, and with bill adapted to drilling even in hard wood, goes straight up the trunk; then comes the slender-billed and weak-footed creeper, who must keep to the cracked bark, since he cannot bore for

his food. His course over the tree-stem is therefore zig-zag, from crevice to crevice. The nuthatches love to go winding up a tree like vines; now they are on this side, now on that. Not having the stiff pointed tail feathers of the woodpecker and the brown creeper, and having only three toes besides, nuthatches must turn partly sideways on a tree-trunk. Hence, their course is winding; or else they climb by turning from side to side with every step or two; but the tail is of no use as a prop, so it is held off the bark. Still another climber-and-creeper is the black and white warbler, who, having nearly the feet, bill and tail of a nuthatch, progresses in about the same way, but has rather more of a liking for crotches and the less upright branches.

In the woodpecker family, the yellow-bellied sapsucker has a way of "edging" around a tree-trunk. His course is marked by his borings, or rather *drillings*, which girdle the trees, instead of being scattered or running up them,

flight and perching. Other birds, of even more strikingly peculiar attitudes, are the bobolink, kingbird, cowbird, yellow-breasted chat, sparrowhawk.

In learning to know the birds by their outlines—that is, their attitudes, whether at rest or in motion,—a system of simple sketches, or even lines, like those under the illustrations of this article, would save time and a good deal of note-taking. To indicate the appearance in flight, two lines for the wings, or one line crossing the body-line, and a line for the body, tail and head will usually be enough. For birds with very broad or deeply-forked tails, two lines may be used to show the spread of the tail (see heading). Notice, in the flight sketches (on page 745), where the wings join the body; in the nighthawk near the head, in the wild ducks about half way between the head and tips of tail. Also notice how the relative length of wings, tail, and neck and head is indicated by the shorthand. Any of



SINGING POSE OF  
BOBOLINK.



ALMOST UPRIGHT POSE OF BROWN  
THRASHER.  
Also of catbird.



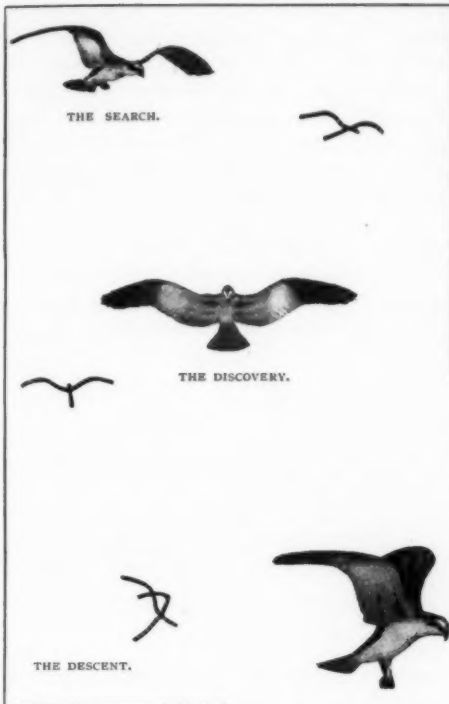
SINGING POSE OF HOODED  
WARBLER.  
Also of Maryland yellow-  
throat.



SINGING POSE OF SONG  
SPARROW.  
Also of other sparrows, some  
warblers and orioles.

like those of the other woodpeckers. This brings us to a finer distinction than that of families. A striking instance of the difference in the poses of birds of the same family is seen in the upright tail of the true wrens and the horizontal, or else drooping, tail of the brown thrasher, mocking bird and catbird. The bluebird is the only member of the thrush family having decidedly peculiar habits of

these shorthand signs may be used as the framework for an outline sketch; they will serve to recall the figures of the birds at any time when you can draw the outline to better advantage than you could by trusting to memory alone, just as a stenographer uses his shorthand notes. All birds who sing from a perch will be found to assume one of the four attitudes here illustrated, or a position so nearly



birds, notably the brown thrasher and the song sparrow, progress in short flights, as from bush to bush, with a queer, eccentric or bobbing motion as if their flapping tails were a great hindrance. A Wilson snipe flies in a zig-zag line; a goldfinch, in long undulations or bounds. All of these and many other ways of flying can be indicated by dotted lines in the note-book, supplemented by such words as "sailing," "rapid," "slow," "heavy" or "graceful" flight, and "rapid," "slow," "silent" or "clattering" wing-beats; the wings of the grouse *hum*, those of the woodcock and the mourning dove *whistle*.

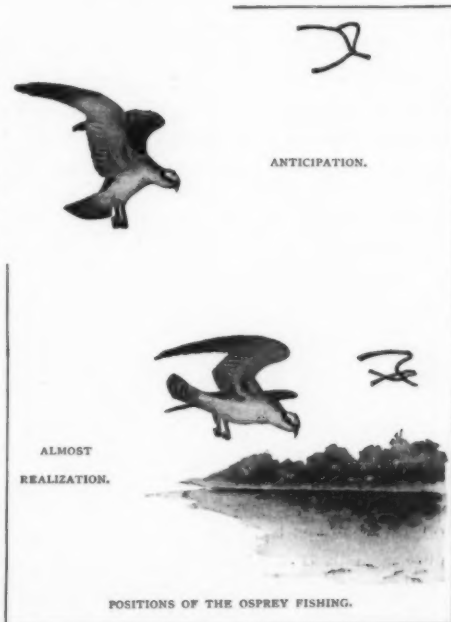
You will find that birds' movements and attitudes are just as suggestive and interesting as their colors are, and even more useful in naming the birds when they are once learned; for, as already mentioned, the outline of a bird can usually be clearly seen at a much greater distance than can its color or the exact shape of its bill and feet. The course of a bird's flight can often be seen distinctly enough to be recognized, when the flyer is so far away that we could not tell whether it is dark or light.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

like one of these that it may be fairly represented by a mere change of the slant of one or more of the lines. You can easily construct other diagrams in the same way, to show position in rest, feeding, swimming and so forth.

All the figures of flying swallows shown in the heading are from sketches made in the field without even the aid of an opera glass. They were selected from about half a hundred sketches of barn swallows, every one of which was made in less than two or three minutes. The five original sketches of the osprey were made in the same way, but from a single bird who was "fishing" in a little river.

The *course* of flight is a distinguishing character of many birds. The grouse rises gradually while flying in a straight course; the woodcock rises to a height of several feet, or even yards, then flies straight away; the cuckoo's flight is also in a straight line, but peculiarly arrow-like, being graceful and silent, the long slender tail and body of the bird still further suggesting an arrow. A number of the



**THE RAT THAT WORE A RING**

THE accompanying photograph shows a half-grown rat which was rescued from a cat in Tuckerton, New Jersey, wearing the chased



THE RAT THAT WORE A RING.  
Photographed after mounting by the taxidermist.

gold ring now seen about its neck. Inquiry revealed that the ring had been lost by a neighbor across the street two years before.

The rat had evidently, when smaller and younger, pushed his head into the ring in some rat hole and had been unable to free itself. It was stuffed by a taxidermist in Tuckerton and was recently exhibited in Trenton before a Natural History Society.

JEAN BROADHURST.

**THE VERY QUEER RESULTS IN THE EFFORT TO MEND INJURIES.**

WHEN man is hurt, he calls a physician; when one of Nature's subjects is hurt, Nature will herself cure or attempt to cure.

The curiously marked piece of wood shown on this page is the result of one of Nature's cures. This triangular piece of wood, known to timber men as a "catface," is the result of Nature healing a bruised place on a red-oak

tree. The side not shown in the illustration appears as does any ordinary piece of oak which grew near the bark, dark in color, and a little rough. A seam in the center shows where was the old wound. This in the healing process was the inside of the wood, while the side shown became the new wood, growing a new bark.

The man who found this "catface" was working on the red-oak log, and noticing a "raise" or growth on one side of it, sawed it off. He peeled the bark from it, and found this specimen of nature's wonderful art in healing. It might also be called "Wood-carving" by Nature." "Catfaces" are moderately common; that which makes this one of especial interest is its peculiar shape and markings.

OLIVER SHURTLEFF.

Professor Ward, in his book "Disease in Plants," makes the claim that this is not so much a mode of healing an injury as a diseased condition resulting from the injury. The theory is that the tree tries to cure itself by starting a great number of buds at the point of injury. Each new bud begins to develop a shoot, but soon dies owing to lack of enough food supplies. New buds at the base of this repeat the process next year with the same result, and each of these again in turn, and so on. This



THE CURIOUSLY MARKED PIECE OF WOOD.  
Nature's effort to repair an injury.



makes a large mass with wood-fibers running in every direction, thus producing the beautiful carved appearance. Professor Ward refers to such growths as burrs and knauers. They are also sometimes called burls or wood-warts. Certain big burls give lumber for veneer—the so-called curly, bird's-eye, or cat's-eye maple, etc., are familiar examples.

#### A STRANDED WHALE.

THIS picture represents a common finback whale, which stranded at Provincetown, Massa-



THE STRANDED WHALE.

chusetts, a number of years ago. It is lying on its back. One of the boys is sitting on the flipper or pectoral fin, and the other is standing on the ridges of the chest which all the finback whales have and the humpbacks also, and are on that account called rorquals, meaning "the whales with reeds or pipes." At the extreme right is seen one of the flukes. The white streak close to the beach shows where the upper jaw is, and the rounded mass between it and the lower jaw is the tongue. You can see a little bit of the whalebone attached to the upper jaw.

This particular whale was reported to be sixty-five feet four inches long, or about the average for adults of this species, but they sometimes reach eighty feet or perhaps a little more. If you hear of a whale being stranded anywhere on our East coast, or see one while taking a trip to Europe, it is almost certain to be this kind. It is among the largest of living creatures but not the largest, being exceeded by the gigantic sulphur-bottom, which is another kind of finback.

F. W. TRUE.

#### VERY TAME WATER FOWL.

OUR young folks will remember the article on "Wild Ducks in Autumn" in November, 1905 *Nature and Science*. Under the heading the editor put this quotation from the Rev. Herbert K. Job as to cultivating the tameness of water fowl:

"Why should not the great nature-loving public find also interesting and instructive the lives and ways of the water-fowl? In times past these have been thought of largely as targets for the gun. Perhaps they will pardon me for laying bare their lives to scrutiny, as I protest to them, upon the first occasion of our future meeting, that I am trying to raise up friends for them—not foes. It will mark a new era in our civilization when the now persecuted wild-fowl can alight at the village pond and feed in peace, the object only of friendly admiration."

Since that number was published the editor had opportunity in Avalon, California, of cultivating an intimate and friendly acquaintance with the gulls of that beach. A large bag full of

bread was obtained at the hotel and afforded much amusement in feeding these huge water birds. The gulls, though apparently heavy, clumsy birds, showed skill and quickness in catching the crumbs.

At the right (not shown in the illustration) was a California sea lion swimming toward the shore. He was loudly roaring for a fair share in the distribution of good things.



FEEDING THE SEA GULLS.

## "WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT"

### TASTE IN BIRDS.

ESPERANZA FARM, NEW HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have pigeons, and would like to know when they taste their food, because although they are very fond of hemp seed, they do not shell it like canaries.

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH ELLSWORTH (age 13 years).

The bill of the canary is built for crushing seeds—has strength, but in many of the doves and pigeons is slender and weak. Many of the pigeons and doves that feed on seeds have gizzards that are large and muscular—crushing and grinding being accomplished in that way.

It is difficult to say how much birds experience taste—probably in a small degree. Ducks and parrots have soft, fleshy tongues, but in most birds much of the tongue is sheathed in horn. Food may be selected by intuition as to what is wholesome, more than by taste.

JNO. H. SAGE.

### QUEER GROWTH OF ELDER LEAF.

THORP, WISCONSIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found this queer form of leaf on an elderberry bush. Will you please explain its queer growth?

Your interested reader,

HAROLD ZILLMANN  
(age 12 years).



QUEER FORM OF LEAF.

This queer formation was caused by a fungus growth known as *Aecidium Sambuci*. It is entirely the acci-

dental result of the fungus injury, and has no meaning otherwise, but such injuries often produce queer, fantastic forms.

### THE BIG GRAPEVINE.

CARPINTERIA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In sunny southern California, closely nestled between the deep blue Pacific Ocean and the Santa Ynez Mountains lies the little town of Carpinteria. It is about twelve miles from the city of Santa Barbara.

The largest grapevine in the world grows in Carpin-



THE BIG GRAPEVINE.

teria. Its name is "La Para Grande." A Spanish woman by the name of Joaquina Lugodi Ayala planted it. It grew very rapidly, she watched it with great care, until now it is sixty-three years old and the largest grapevine in the world.

Joaquina Lugodi Ayala died about six years ago at the age of eighty-four years. Not long before she died she sold her property with the large grapevine upon it, to a man by the name of Jacob Wilson, who is the present owner.

The big grapevine has produced as much as ten tons of grapes in one year. The grapes of this mission variety are of a bluish purple color. They taste very tart and are quite large. The bunches sometimes weigh from six to eight pounds.

The trunk of the vine is nine feet nine inches in circumference, and the branches cover about one-fourth acre, or one hundred feet by one hundred and fifteen feet. The trunk is five feet five inches high on one side and six feet on the opposite side. This measurement was taken from the ground to where the vine branches. One of the branches not far from the trunk measures four feet in circumference. Sixty poles or posts hold up the many branches, making a very large arbor. Mr. Wilson has the grapevine cut back, or trimmed, every year.

He was offered six thousand dollars for the property with the largest grapevine upon it, but he would not

accept it. He was also offered one thousand dollars for the removal of the vine to the Mid-Winter Exposition. He would not listen to this offer any more than the first.

Many receptions, luncheons and meetings have been held, neath the shade of the many beautiful, spreading leaves and branches of this grapevine. About three months ago a Christian Endeavor and Epworth League convention was held at Carpinteria, under the big grapevine. People from all over the state of California were there as delegates. The first election was held there over thirty years ago. It was the first election ever held in Carpinteria. Tourists from all around come here to see and to take photographs of the largest grapevine in the world. There is plenty of room for eight hundred people to stand comfortably under it.

Mr. Jacob Wilson is an old pioneer, an aged and very feeble man, living a lonely life by himself in the old tumble-down cottage partly covered with a mass of leaves, branches and tendrils of the great vine, "La Para Grande." He has lived by himself until lately, as he now has succeeded in renting his house to a family of hard working people.

There was once a larger grapevine in Montesiti, a town about nine miles from here, but it died and was removed, leaving Carpinteria the honor of the "La Para Grande."

Many barrels of wine have been made from the grapes from this great vine.

Hoping that your readers will be interested by this account of the largest grapevine in the world, "La Para Grande," I am,

Your little friend, FLOSSIE RASOR (age 14).

I invited the girls and boys of Carpinteria to write me regarding this grapevine, and offered as a prize a year's subscription to St. Nicholas for the best description written by a girl, also for the best by a boy. A large number of letters were received. The best from a girl was from Miss Flossie Rasor (published above). That written by Miss Wilma Frances Youngman was almost as good and is entitled to honorary mention.

The best letter from a boy was by Master Jack Bailard. His letter is not published because he mentions no details of history or description not contained in the more extended letter from Miss Rasor.

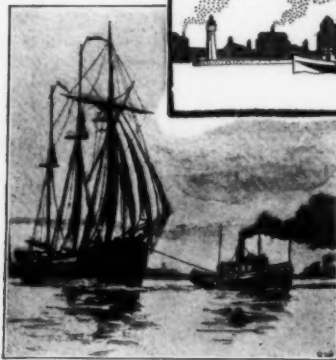
At my request, Mr. George G. McLean took the accompanying photograph of Miss Rasor and Master Bailard by the big vine that they had so excellently described. He writes: "It took fifteen copies of St. Nicholas to go around the trunk of the vine."



"IT TOOK FIFTEEN COPIES OF ST. NICHOLAS TO GO AROUND THE TRUNK OF THE VINE."

# THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

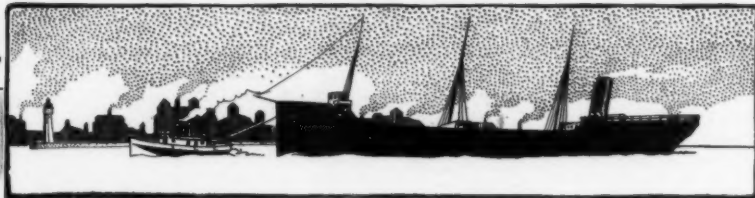
## For JUNE.



"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY ROMLEY MURPHY, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

We had a popular list of subjects this month. A very large number of contributions were received (it was the May competitions but we were obliged to carry it over to June) and most of them of a commendable sort. The photographs of "The Street on which I Live" were excellent and showed that a great many of our members live on very beautiful streets, or perhaps they have selected just the right point on the street to make beautiful pictures, and of course the selection of the view point is one of the chief things in photography. The light, too, is most important, and the distance, and the time. Don't have the light in front of you, and it is better that it should not be directly behind; at one side or the other is better and gives the rich soft shadows that are so beautiful. View point, distance, light, and time, with the image true and straight on the ground glass, with the right sky and foreground; these are the things that make good photographs, and the greater the care in getting these things just right, the better will be the negative.

From our prose writers we have learned who are the most popular "American Statesmen." Lincoln, Washington, Franklin and Hamilton. These four lead, and after them come Webster, Jefferson, and Henry Clay. There were a great many papers about each of these men. In fact, they were so many and so good that we had to put all these household favorites aside and select our contributions for publication from among those dealing with less popular men, whose lives were still vastly important in the nation's history. It may



"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY ERNST WERNER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

### THE FLAMES.

BY FRED A. HARRISON (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

Oh! the candle's flame burns bright! burns bright!  
But like star to sun is its feeble light,  
To the beacon fire on Senlac hill,  
That I saw years past, and my heart stood still.  
Turn, my wheel, turn, in the gloaming.

Oh! the candle's flame burns gold! burns gold!  
But like fire-fly to moon, with blue light cold,  
To the sun's rays, shining on burnish'd steel,—  
The lance and helmets of Briton's leal,  
Sing, my wheel, sing, in the gloaming.

Oh! the candle's flame burns low! burns low!  
But darker still were those days of woe,  
When slain, all slain, lay the bravest and best,  
And winds wail 'd sobbing round Harold's rest,  
Silent, wheel, dumb, in the gloaming.

be that this will not please all the League members, but with our limited number of pages, and with the knowledge that such men as Lincoln, Washington and those others have been written about so much in ST. NICHOLAS and other magazines, our method of selection seemed the best and fairest way.



"OUR STREET." BY MARGARET G. JONES, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 77.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**Verse.** Gold badges, **Susan Warren Wilbur** (age 13), 325 Superior St., Oak Park, Ill., and **Freda M. Harrison** (age 15), "Southwood," Silverdale, Sydenham, S. E., London, Eng.

Silver badges, **Marguerite Hunt** (age 14), 7461 Germantown Ave., Mt. Airy, Phil., Pa., and **Josephine Freund** (age 9), St. Gabriels, Peekskill, N. Y.

**Prose.** Gold badges, **Helen F. Bell** (age 14), Bristol, Pa., and **Lena Duncan** (age 13), 1544 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Ella M. Rankin** (age 13), 109 Cookman Ave., Ocean Grove, N. J., **Alice H. Gregg** (age 12), Mars Bluff, Florence Co., S. C., and **Elinor Clark** (age 9), 1418 Myrtle St., Oakland, Cal.

**Drawing.** Cash prize, **Rowley Murphy** (age 14), 41 Collier St., Toronto, Can.

Gold badges, **Ernst Werner** (age 17), 479 W. Ferry St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Mary Klauder** (age 11), Bala, Pa., **Edwina Spear** (age 13), 1420 Chicago Ave., Evanston, Ill., and **Mary S. Schaeffer** (age 17), 326 W. Monument Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

**Photography.** Gold badges, **Margaret G. Jones** (age 12), 2328 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **Marjorie Moore Sammis** (age 11), Stratford, Conn.

Silver badges, **Beach Barrett** (age 16), 73 Beach St., Bloomfield, N. J., **J. Faxon Passmore** (age 13), Queen's Lane, Germantown, Pa., and **George Woodward** (age 8), West Willow Grove Ave., Chestnut Hill, Phil., Pa.

**Wild-Creature Photography.** First prize, "Butterfly" by **H. R. Carey** (age 15), 10 Fayerweather St., Cambridge, Mass. Second prize, "Young Blue Jays" by **Charles Crutche** (age 13), Armour, S. D. Third prize, "Squirrel" by **Simon Cohen** (age 11), 1709 Linden Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

**Puzzle Making.** Gold badges, **Harold Gould Henderson, Jr.** (age 16), 191 Rue de l'Université, Paris, France, and **Gustavus E. Bentley** (age 14), Fluvanna, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Marjorie L. Ward** (age 13), 528 Osborn St., Fall River, Mass., and **Frederic P. Storke** (age 13), 61 Seward Ave., Auburn, N. Y.

**Puzzle Answers.** Gold badges, **Lois Treadwell** (age 12), 342 Mill St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and **Blanche Weissinger Smith** (age 14), 1618 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Silver badges, **Harriet Scofield** (age 13), 1010 Bellefontaine Ave., Kansas City, Mo., and **Evangeline G. Coombes** (age 11), 120 Second Ave., Newark, N. J., and **William Woodcock** (age 9), 784 Prospect Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

VOL. XXXIII.—95.

## THE FLAMES.

BY SUSAN WARREN WILBUR (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

UPON a lonely isle in sullen ocean  
I watch beside my fire and long for day;  
But still I fear no help will daylight bring me,—  
Ah, well I know I can but watch and pray.

Mayhap these sickly flames across the billow  
May shine afar and reach some seaman's sight,  
Perhaps my beacon light may shine and save me  
Or save some drowning sailor in the night.

I fix my gaze upon the ruddy embers  
And hope that in the firelight I may see  
Those fair, enchanting, fleeting firelight pictures  
That by my hearth-fire often come to me.

It is in vain, for, though I search, I find not,  
No scene save one is in the flames for me:  
I see a burning ship that falls and rises  
Upon the restless bosom of the sea.



"THE STREET I LIVE ON." BY MARJORIE MOORE SAMMIS, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

I see her deck that deeper sinks and deeper  
And now the burning masts alone are there,  
The picture of my own lost, lovely vessel  
That but this morning rode the billows fair.

Oh, lonely fire, I cannot brook thy pictures  
Of that lost vessel and the windy deep.  
I close my eyes upon the things around me,  
And trusting God I lay me down to sleep.

## AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY HELEN F. BELL (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

JOHN JAY was born in New York, December 12, 1745. His father and mother were Peter Jay and Mary, daughter of Jacobus Van Cortlandt. The father was a wealthy merchant who retired





"A HEADING." BY MARY S. SCHAEFFER, AGE 17.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

from business at forty years to live in his country house at Rye, New York.

Not one of Jay's great-grandparents were English, so that he was one of few men who could say as he did in 1796, "Not being of British descent, I cannot be influenced by that tendency towards their national character, nor that partiality for it, which might otherwise be supposed to be not unnatural."

This fact in itself, combined with other things, may have had no little influence in making Jay a leader in the American Revolution.

Soon after Jay's birth he was taken to Rye, where he passed his early childhood. When about fourteen years old he entered King's (now Columbia) College. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1768.

Two years later a party of lawyers formed a club of which Jay was one of the younger members.

He was elected and re-elected to the first Continental Congress. John Jay prepared many addresses to the people of Great Britain and Canada, also to his own countrymen. Soon he was elected president of congress, and again was appointed Minister to Spain.

At this time he was added to the peace commissioners, and it was largely by his aid and efforts that the treaty was brought to a satisfactory end for the United States. Washington offered him a choice of offices, and Jay chose that of Chief-Justice of Supreme Court.

In 1794 he concluded with Lord Grenville the convention known as "Jay's treaty" which provided for the recovery of debts and losses on both sides, also the

surrender of the western ports held by the British, and many other agreements.

This treaty, although favorable to the United States, was denounced by the Democrats as a surrender of American rights and a betrayal of France, but it was ratified by Washington in 1795.

Jay was governor of New York for six years. He then retired from public life and passed the remainder of his days at Bedford, New York.

There he died, May 17, 1829.

#### THE FLAMES.

BY JOSEPHINE FREUND (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

THE flames are up before the day,  
They come to chase the cold away.  
Around and 'round they dance and run,  
And laugh and have a lot of fun.  
At even-tide the flames are bright,  
And are not dim till late at night.

#### AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY LENA DUNCAN (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

VERY few people, perhaps, realize the value of the services of James Madison, in connection with the framing of the Constitution.

Congress and most of the people admitted that the Articles of Confederation, under which the colonies were governed, were weak, but there was a difference of opinion as to the degree to which the weakness extended.

Congress, upheld by the smaller states, attempted to amend the Articles of Confederation, but the representatives of the larger states under the leadership of Madison, wished for an entirely new set of Articles on which to base the government.

The principal cause of this dispute was the manner of representation. The smaller states wished to have one vote for each state in Congress, as under the Articles of Confederation, while the larger states wished to be represented according to population. It was



"OUR STREET AND BABY." BY GEORGE WOODWARD, AGE 8.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

## AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY ALICE H. GREGG (AGE 12.)

*(Silver Badge).*

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, South Carolina's most famous son was born at Abbeville, South Carolina, March 18th, 1782. He was of Irish descent. Selecting the law as his profession, he soon rose to prominence. In 1811 he was elected congressman, and shortly after this became the leader of the war-party against England. He wrote the tariff of 1816; and in 1817, President Monroe appointed him Minister of War. So competent was he to manage this department, that although, it was in a state of great confusion he soon had everything working smoothly. Calhoun made, also, a great reduction in the expenses of the



"BUTTERFLY," BY H. R. CAREY, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD-CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

largely through the efforts of Madison that our present system of representation (equal power for each state in the Senate and according to population in the House of Representatives) was established.

Also, through his diplomacy, a division over the question of counting slaves in the population was averted.

And, thus in many ways the future President of our country helped to place that country on a firm standing.

## THE FLAMES.

BY MARGUERITE HUNT (AGE 14.)

*(Silver Badge.)*

HELP! Help! the cry rings piercing shrill  
Out on the dark night, cold and still,  
And far across the gleaming snow  
There is a fierce and lurid glow,  
It is the flames!

Clang! Clang! the sound of horses' feet  
Awakening all the village street.  
The engine rushing on its way  
To reach the house e'er break of day,  
To quell the flames!

Spizz! Fizz! the water rises higher  
To quench the all-devouring fire.  
The men are battling with the smoke  
To save the fainting women-folk  
From hungry flames!

Ding! Dong! the engine's duty done,  
The fire out, all danger gone.  
The smallest spark is dead at last,  
The dreadful night is safely passed,  
Vanquished, the flames!



"YOUNG BLUE JAYS," BY CHARLES CRUTCHETT, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD-CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"SQUIRREL," BY SIMON COHEN, AGE 11. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD-CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

army without lowering its standard. He was twice vice-president. During Jackson's administration the tariff of 1832 was passed, which laid heavy duties on all imported articles. This was bitterly opposed by the South, because they were not a manufacturing people. Hoping that the President would veto the Bill, and being disappointed, he resigned his vice-presidency and came to South Carolina. He believed so strongly in state-rights, that he prevailed upon the legislature of South Carolina to pass the resolution—"That any State in the Union might annul an Act of the Federal government." The Union would not allow this, and the President took immediate steps to make this resolution null and void. South Carolina threatened to secede from the Union, and matters became very grave. War was feared, but by a compromise



"HEADING." BY EMILY W. BROWN, AGE 16.

everything was settled. It was agreed upon that there would be a gradual reduction of these duties. This compromise was drawn up by Henry Clay, and passed by Congress. After this Calhoun was not so popular except in his native state. He was elected to the Senate, and in 1838 made his great speech on "Slavery." From this time, until his death, March, 1850, he continued to make speeches on this subject, and to advocate the dissolution of the Union. His private life was spotless. He was a deep thinker, and certainly possessed a master mind. For his great qualities he has been admired more and more as the years have gone by; and, perhaps as a tribute to his memory, his portrait has been placed under the Flag in the Congressional Library at Washington.

#### THE FLAMES.

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

FLAMES of the darkening sky, ye planets  
distant and mighty,  
Burn ye with knowledge unquenchable,  
wisdom vast and eternal.  
Swinging in limitless arcs like censors  
waved by the angels,  
Incense ascending through infinite space  
to altars supernal.

Stars, ye were kindled in Heav'n to guide the wander-  
ing spirit,  
Lost in the mazes of earth, in the sloughs of hopeless  
desiring;  
Watchfires the All-Father lit to raise the eyes of his  
children  
Upward from death to the realm of a pure and noble  
aspiring.

Heaven-born flames of the sky, ye bear the earth-born  
a message:

Ye in perpetual majesty, we in darkness and yearning,  
Yet are as one, if we bring a soul to gaze on your  
glory,  
Lifted to loftier light by the flame that within us is  
burning.

#### AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY ELINOR CLARK (AGE 9).

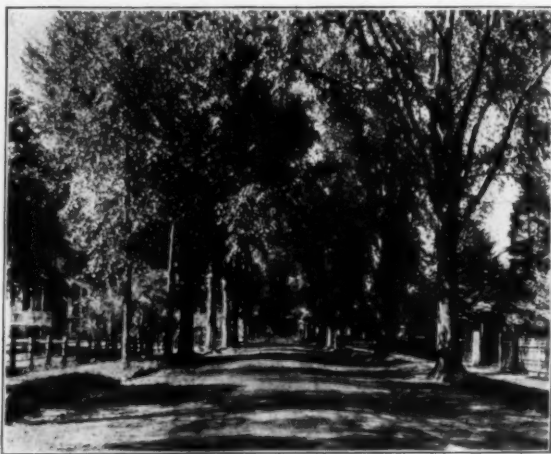
(Silver Badge.)

I HAVE just been reading the life of Patrick Henry, and, because it is so interesting, I choose him for my American Statesman. As a boy he was very shiftless and would far rather wander in the woods than study his lessons. When he grew older, his father sent him to stay for a year with a merchant where he learned to buy and sell goods. His father then gave him a shop on the farm, but soon the shop failed.

Patrick met Thomas Jefferson for the first time at a party given to the young folks. When Jefferson was introduced to Patrick he thought him a rough looking fellow. But he soon found that he was the best fiddler, the best story teller and the jolliest joker among them. This meeting led to a friendship which lasted all their lives.

It was in the year 1760 that Patrick got his license to be a lawyer.

His first case was something like this: The governor at that time said that the clergymen should be paid in paper money instead of tobacco. This did not please them because they would not get so large a sum. The people asked Patrick to speak. Crowds gathered to hear him. His father was one of the judges. At first Patrick spoke slowly and stumbled. His father



"OUR STREET." BY BEACH BARRETT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

thought to himself, "Oh Patrick, Patrick, you have failed in everything else and now you are going to fail in law." But soon he got warmed up. His eyes sparkled and he spoke as if his very heart were in it. People said afterwards if a man spoke especially well, "You speak almost as well as Patrick Henry."

During the years when the colonies were beginning to rebel against the laws of the king, Patrick Henry spoke many times for the cause of freedom and the saying of his that I like best is, "But as for me, give me liberty or give me death."



"OUR STREET." BY J. FAXON FAESMORE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

After the Declaration of Independence he became governor of Virginia.

He lived to be an old man and made many famous speeches. He had many honors offered him and was asked to be governor of Virginia for a sixth term. He refused them all and went to live quietly in his country home. He died sitting in his chair and his last thoughts were for the country he had served so well.

#### HIS FLAMES.

BY GLADYS D. ADAMS (AGE 15).

Johnny Delancy Bonaparte Smith  
Began at a tender age,  
When only four, his hobby-horse  
Was considered all the rage,

But soon poor "Hob" in the attic stood,  
His head and two legs were gone.  
A bat, a ball, and a new air-gun  
Were proudly displayed by John.

These went the way of all good toys  
That have served their master well,  
For now young Smith carries next his heart,  
An image of Clarabel.



"OUR STREET." BY MARGARET MCCORD, AGE 16.

#### FROM SLAVE-BOY TO AMERICAN STATES-MAN.

BY ELLA M. RANKIN

(AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

ON a plantation in Maryland, neglected and alone, a little boy lived slave to a brutal master. His mother stayed on an adjoining plantation, but he saw her seldom.

One night as he sat roasting a few grains of corn in order that he might partly satisfy his intense hunger, his mother came to see him. He crawled up into her lap, and fell asleep, but when he awoke she was gone.

For, although she had walked twelve miles to see her little son, she must be back and in the fields by break of day. He never saw her again.

At an early age he began to study, although he seldom had anything better to read than almanacs and



"OUR STREET" (CAPRI). BY JAN HARTE V. TECHLEBURG, AGE 12.

similar papers thrown about the plantation. He implored his mistress to teach him, which she did, until the master put a stop to it saying that if he kept on studying, as he was doing, that they would not be able to keep him on the plantation.

At the age of twenty-one, he managed to escape to New York, where he worked at anything and for anyone who would employ him.

A number of years later, he came in contact with a member of an anti-slave convention, which was to be held in Nantucket. The result was that he was asked to tell the story of his life as a slave. His fame had begun. In England as well as our own country he told his pathetic little story. While at the former place, a fund was collected to buy his freedom.

At his death, a monument was erected to the memory of this little slave-boy, who grew to be the world-famed orator and statesman, Frederick Douglass.

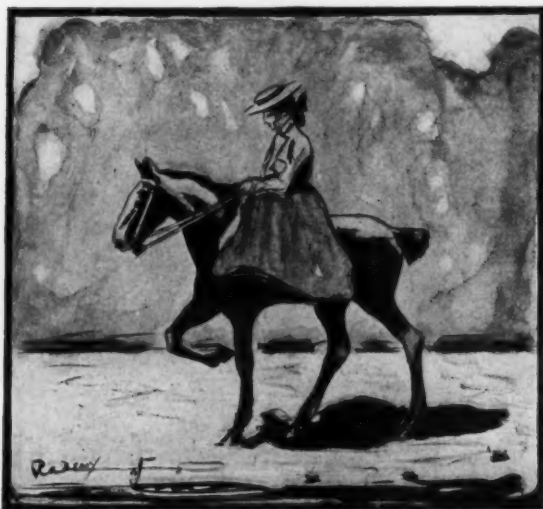
The ST. NICHOLAS League's membership is free to all. A League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.

## THE FLAMES.

BY MARGARET DOUGLASS GORDON (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

WHEN in the dark the nursery lies  
 My toys are hidden from my eyes,  
 My Noah's Ark has sailed away,  
 To some unseen and distant bay;  
 My woolly lamb has fled my view,  
 My flannel kitten gives no mew,  
 My jumping-jack is gone from me,  
 None of my daylight friends I see.  
 Yet do not think I am alone,  
 For I have playmates of my own;  
 The little flames that in the fire,  
 Dance merrily, merrily, higher, higher,  
 They are my comrades, tried and true,  
 The golden flames edged round with blue.



"JUNE." BY RICHARD A. REDDY, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

I watch them as they gaily leap  
 From where the crumbling embers heap;  
 I watch them whirling up and down  
 Above the charred log's sullen brown,  
 I watch them tossing many a spark,  
 Red 'gainst the curtain of the dark,  
 I watch them making shadows tall  
 Grotesquely flicker on the wall—  
 Until at last I fall asleep,  
 And they into the ashes creep.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

BY BERNICE FRYE (AGE 16).

THE Little Giant, or Stephen A. Douglas, was born at Brandon, Vermont, April 23d, 1813. His father was a physician and died when Douglas was about two months old. He received a comparatively good education and began to study law. In 1834 he was admitted to the bar in Illinois, and was so eminently successful that he was elected Attorney-General of the State before he was twenty-two.

It was not very long before he became a member of the Legislature, and was the youngest member in that body. He soon became recognized as one of the most able members in the national legislature.

He next became a Senator from his State and supported President Polk in the Mexican war. It is well known that he carried the Kansas-Nebraska act through in spite of great opposition.

He was a strong candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1852, but he was more developed when four years later he was the favorite candidate, except one, James Buchanan, who finally received the honor. When it became time to elect another President he was nominated by the convention meeting at Charlestown and was the universal choice of the Democratic party, but was bitterly opposed by the southern faction, who nominated Mr. Breckenridge, at a separate convention.

This caused Mr. Douglas to be defeated, and Mr. Lincoln was elected on a minority of the total vote cast.

Stephen A. Douglas, however, did not need to become president to make his name illustrious. Although Mr. Douglas was defeated by Mr. Lincoln, yet when the Civil War began his voice was heard in earnest pleas for the Union, declaring that if this system of resistance by the sword, when defeated at the ballot-box was persisted in, then "The history of the United States is already written in the history of Mexico."

He felt very strongly about secession, denouncing it as a crime, and characterizing it as madness. His dying words were in defence of the Union. Mr. Douglas was one of the most noted statesmen of the day. As an orator he was very graceful, and possessed natural qualities which carried an audience by storm.

But it was in the great political debate between himself and Abraham Lincoln that Mr. Douglas gained his greatest notoriety, as well as Lincoln himself.

He died June 3rd, 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War. If he had lived no one would have rendered more valuable assistance in the suppression of the Civil War than Stephen A. Douglas.

## THE FLAMES.

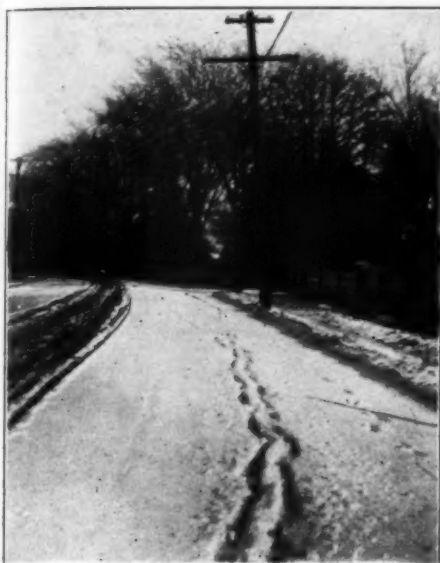
BY ALICE W. CONE (AGE 13).

I've sent in prose and poetry  
 And once a photograph;  
 And all my maiden efforts did  
 Was to produce a laugh.

"Adventures," "Mountains," and  
 "Log Fires,"  
 "Day Dreams" and tales galore,  
 "Traditions" also I have sent  
 But still, I must write more.

And now before I close this rhyme  
 I am the one that claims  
 Although it does n't deal with them  
 These lines will feed "The Flames."





"OUR STREET." BY VIRGINIA SMITH, AGE 15.

### THE BOYHOOD OF AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY NAN PIERSON (AGE 14).

NEARLY everyone has read and studied about Andrew Jackson, the general, and President Andrew Jackson, but our histories do not tell us much about the boy Andrew, or the boyhood of any other hero for that matter. My story is going to be about the boyhood of Andrew Jackson.

Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina about ten years before the Revolutionary War. He was a tall, slender, freckled-face, barefooted little Irish boy, so full of fun that the neighbors called him "mischievous little Andy." He grew up among rough people in a wild country and he received very little education. He didn't care much about books and he learned far more from the things he saw in the woods than he ever learned in the little log school.

When he was thirteen the fighting was desperate in the South. Of course a wild little fellow like Andrew was eager to be in the fight. Young as he was, he was in one or two skirmishes. In one of these he was taken a prisoner by the British.

One time during his imprisonment a British officer ordered Andrew to black his boots. The boy replied proudly that he was a prisoner of war and it was not his place to clean boots. The hot-tempered officer hit the boy on the head with his sword. Andrew Jackson lived to be an old man, but the sword mark on his head always remained there. Soon after this he was taken sick with the small-pox, and would have died if his mother had not succeeded in getting him free.

His mother then caught the disease and died, and Andrew, a boy of fourteen, was alone in the world. Years afterward when he became a successful man and people would praise him because he was never afraid to say or do a thing that he knew was right, he would answer: "That I learned from my good old mother."

### THE FLAMES.

BY HELEN AVERY NORRIS (AGE 12).

Of all the flames in all the world  
The flames that I like best,  
Are those which on the hearthstone burn  
When day dies in the West.  
What splendid pictures in the flames  
Of kings and castles grand,  
Of golden ships with silver sails,  
Wrought by a magic hand!  
Sometimes I see a soldier tall,  
Sometimes a princess fair,  
Sometimes a sunset out at sea,  
Sometimes a hidden lair.  
And often as I sit beside  
The fireplace all aglow,  
I see beyond the far off-hills,  
The sunset burning low.  
And wonder if the angels there  
Are watching in the sky  
Such wondrous scenes as these of mine  
Which in the fireplace lie.

### JOHN HAY.

BY CHAUNCEY BUTLER (AGE 13).

FOREMOST among the men of the twentieth century who have contributed to the welfare and good government of the United States is Ex-Secretary John Hay.

He first saw the light in Salem, Indiana, where his father was a lawyer. From his childhood he was a bright boy and learned quickly. After his school days were over he entered Brown College, Rhode Island, where he studied diligently and completed his education.

He then practiced law in Illinois, but it is believed



"AT THE BLACKBOARD." BY LOUISE GLEASON, AGE 15.

that he never tried a case. While there, however, he attracted the attention of Abraham Lincoln who, when he became President, took him to Washington as his assistant secretary.

While in this position the public noticed how well he managed the affairs of his department and other positions were given him.

Mr. Hay became well acquainted with President Lincoln, and their friendship was a lasting one. He was present at the bedside of Lincoln when the President died and was one of his many mourners.

Mr. Hay soon was appointed Secretary of the Legation at Paris and later chargé d'affaires at Vienna, and occupied several positions in Europe in the service of the United States.

After some time in foreign countries Mr. Hay was called home to be Secretary of State under President McKinley and later under President Roosevelt, which position he held until his death last summer.

Two great things he accomplished are, the preservation of the Chinese Empire, and the limitation of the area of hostilities in the Russian-Japanese War. He was known all over the world for his great power of diplomacy by which he obtained satisfactory results for both parties concerned by peaceable means instead of at the point of the bayonet.

#### AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY MADELAINE F. H. WHITE (AGE 15).

My ideal of an American statesman is a man who puts his heart and soul in the cause of his country;



"AT THE BLACKBOARD." BY EDWINA SPEAR, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

other elevating institutions. He was also an ardent advocate of woman's suffrage.

Senator Hoar held many honorable positions, such as: Overseer of Harvard College, Regent of the Smithsonian Institution and President of American Antiquarian Society. He was a close student of American History, and especially of New England. He was also a great lover of books and had several very rare books and manuscripts.

When Senator Hoar died, on September 30, 1904, every citizen of Worcester felt that he had lost a friend. Honored and beloved while living he was sincerely mourned when dead. During all his life he remembered a lesson which he had learned early; that of Good Will and Good Hope. It can certainly be said that America was benefited by his sojourn here, and

"In honor hence all men shall keep his name,  
And truth and right and freedom guard his fame."

#### THE FLAMES.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 7).

I WAS sitting by the fire,  
Gazing at its cheery glow,  
In the flames so brightly burning,  
Watching visions come and go.

First, a garden with carnations,  
Primroses, and tulips fair;  
In the midst, a stately maiden  
Plucking flowers for her hair.



"HEADING." BY VERA MARIE DEMENS, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Next a prince with his attend-  
ants,  
Riding forth in pomp and  
pride;  
And the lady of the flowers,  
On a palfrey by his side.

Then the red flames leapt and in  
them,  
Was a gory battle-field—  
And the prince, so bravely fight-  
ing,  
Was obliged his life to yield.

Thus, there passed in swift pro-  
cession,  
All my Fairy friends of old;  
Cinderella, and her sisters,  
And the old-time heroes bold.

### THE FLAMES.

BY LOUISE K. PAINE (AGE 11).

'T is lovely to lie on the rug,  
In front of the open fire,  
And watch the crackling flames  
As they leap up higher and  
higher.

And when the fire is dying out,  
And the flames are growing low,  
Then castles and bridges and walls appear  
Amid the reddening glow.

I wonder in the time to come,  
Will little boys lie here  
And watch the dying flames that now  
To me have grown so dear.

### NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 882. "F. B. W." Beulah E. Amidon, President; for members. Address, 379 7th Ave., S. Fargo, N. D..

No. 883. Margaret Lee, President; Eleanor Hartshorne, secretary; four members. Address, 515 Madison Ave., New York City.

No. 884. "P. N. F. R." Georgina Faulkner; Margaret Goldthwait, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, 640 W. Fifth St., Marion, Ind.

No. 885. Milton Wolf, Secretary; eight members. Address, 882 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

No. 886. "White Violet." Alexander Rodgers, Secretary; four members. Address, Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

No. 887. "The White Cat." Mary C. Smith, President; four members. Address, 1108 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 888. Louise Smith, President; Louise Davis, Secretary; three members. Address, 10 Stone St., Augusta, Me.

No. 889. Ruth Finken, President; Ruth Selman, Secretary; five members. Address, 1357 Seventy-fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 890. "Milwaukee Lyons." Glenway Maxon, Secretary; ten members. Address, 268 Lyons St., Milwaukee, Wis.

No. 891. Eugene Hurley, Secretary; six members. Address, Box 154, Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y.

### PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in W. Philadelphia and am a member of Chapter 816. I thought you might like to know a little about our chapter. We meet every Wednesday at one of the different girls' houses and sew for about an hour, and then have refreshments. Quite often we have a good story read aloud. There are five in our chapter, and every one takes ST. NICHOLAS, excepting one.

While I was visiting a friend last summer we came across an old ST. NICHOLAS and it was such a pleasure to read it. As my aunt says: "It does not matter how old a volume of ST. NICHOLAS may be, it is always more than worth reading." Wishing long life to ST. NICHOLAS, I remain,

Your affectionate friend,  
MARGARET B. QUICK.

VOL. XXX.—96.



*At the Blackboard*

"AT THE BLACKBOARD." BY MARY KLAUDER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

OTHER valued letters have been received from Ida C. Kline, Oak M. Amidon, Marion English, Ruth Tuttle, Bessie M. Blanchard, William M. Moody, R. U. Williams, Jeannette Westbrook Sanford, Anna Elizabeth Kremer, Hilda Barrett, Maudridge S. Robb, Alexander Rodgers, Jr., Harman Yerkes, Jr., Eleanor W. Machado, Katherine Barbour, Lois Williams, Bernard Nussbaur, Elliot C. Bergen, Margery Smith, Adelaide Nichols, Helen Spears, Theresa Weld, Joan H. Packard, Florence Lowenhaupt, Florence Alvarez, Dorothy Stewart, L. P. Emerson, Jessie Tait, Elizabeth R. Hirsch, Jeannette Fuqua, Louisa Davies, Helen S. Harlow, Clara Notino Means, Ethel Gordon, Marya A. Jones, Harold H. Eagan, Gertrude Kaelin, Mary Fyne, Helen Mabry Boucher Ballard, Walter White, Julia de Windt Low, Noll S. Symons.

### THE FLAMES.

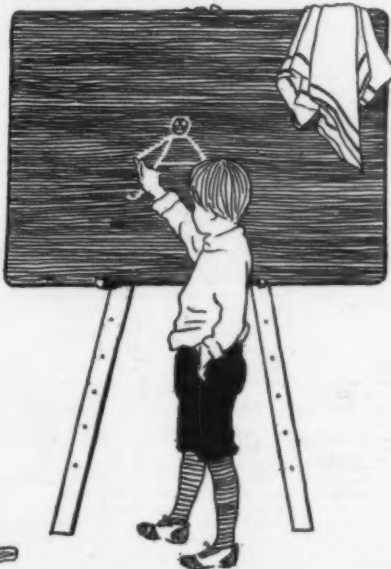
BY MARY BURNETT (AGE 10).

Up the chimney leap the flames  
Red, and blue, and yellow.  
In the fire a lovely man  
Such a bright green fellow!

Pictures in the flames I see  
Cities, castles, towers,  
Children playing in the sand,  
Pretty parks with bowers.

Thus the pretty, changing flames  
Entertain me daily  
Through the winter, I am told,  
They are dancing gaily.

NOTICE.—The ST. NICHOLAS League always welcomes suggestions concerning subjects and competitions.  
Address, THE EDITOR.



"AT THE BLACKBOARD." BY HELEN MARGETSON, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)



At the blackboard, by Rachel Brelley. The drawing shows a young girl sitting at a desk, looking up at a blackboard. She is holding a book and a pencil. The blackboard has some writing on it, but it is not legible. The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style.



"AT THE BLACKBOARD." BY RACHEL BRELLEY.

### THE ROLL OF HONOR.

- No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.  
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

#### VERSE, 1.

Rose T. Briggs  
Elizabeth C. Beale  
Sibyl Kent Stone  
Margaret Helen Bennett  
Adelaide Wilmer  
C. D. Hyland  
Phyllis Sargent  
Benjamin C. Sleeper  
Frances Bradshaw  
Earnest Wolfe  
Clement R. Wood  
Bernard F. Trotter  
Maud Dudley Shackelford  
Katharine Carrington  
Jessica N. North  
Paul W. Rutledge  
Jessie Freeman Foster  
Lillie Garmany Menary  
Georgiana Myers Sturges

#### VERSE, 2.

Florence Short  
Wilber Huber  
Alfred Hooper, Jr.  
Mary Elizabeth Mair  
Blanche Leeming  
Elizabeth A. Steer  
Margaret A. Brownlee  
Ellen Rives  
Aileen Hardwick Barlow  
Alice Brabant  
Conrad E. Snow  
Anita M. Bradford  
Louisa F. Spear  
Helen Parsons  
Annie Laurie Hillyer  
Corinne Benoit  
Ada Weller Hart  
Primrose Lawrence  
Marjorie S. Harrington

Jeannette Munro  
Kathryn Macy  
Leone Bashfield  
Edna M. Hawley  
Katherine K. Davis  
Mary Eugenia Golding  
Constance Hyde Smith  
Irene J. Graham  
Frederika M. Kellogg  
Phyllis Ackermann  
Lucile Delight Woodling  
Elizabeth Curry  
Edith M. Thomson  
Esther Galbraith  
Margaret Ewing  
Emily Bretner  
Margaret E. Sangster  
Hope Daniel  
E. Babette Deutsch  
Jean Evan Gillis  
Elizabeth Knowlton  
Eather M. Rice  
Beatrice B. Flood  
Elizabeth Burrage  
Sylvia Moczygemba  
Alice MacDougal  
Katharine Andrews  
Ruth Stanley Bayles  
Frances Hyland  
Frances L. Strong  
Ruth Hill

#### PROSE, 1.

Ruth White  
May Richardson  
Margaret H. Schaeffer  
J. Wilschach  
Thomas W. Golding  
Helen K. Schlesinger  
Nettie Kreinik  
Mary Pemberton  
Nourie  
Doris MacNeal  
Ida C. Kline  
Julia Hutchinson  
Leota Arper

Julius Apelquist  
Helen Woodbridge  
Ganse  
Leslie V. Spencer  
R. W. Williams  
Mildred Newman  
Jennette L. Sargent  
Florence Rutherford  
Marjorie Lane  
Marie Hill  
Ruth A. Spalding  
Willard Burke  
Hazel Howell  
Charles W. McClumpus  
Vincent Imbrie  
Margaret E. Wright  
Beatrice Frye  
Elizabeth Marvin  
George Koenig  
Daniel Webster  
M. David Hoffman  
Susie M. Williams  
Lorraine Ransom  
Elliot C. Bergen

#### PROSE, 2.

H. K. Peace  
Adam M. Muchmore  
Louise Fitz  
Warren Hastings  
Hilda M. Nield  
Charles J. Ellison  
James W. Flieger  
Edith A. Sletzer  
Marion Grace Stedman  
Irene Bowen  
George Switzer  
Howard L. Wordell  
Minabelle Summy  
Ruth Dickinson  
Charles Sturken  
Cal. H. Smith  
Oliver Whitney  
John Fitch Landon, Jr.

Louise Theobald Max-Mabel Whitman  
cy  
Josephine Schoff  
Sheridan Colson  
G. Kelle Humphries  
Elizabeth Pilbury  
Alfred S. Niles, Jr.  
T. Smith  
Portia Evans  
C. F. Johnston, Jr.  
Donald Freeman  
Frances Sladen Bradley  
May Thomas  
Julia Coburn  
Oak McHenry Amidon  
Rainey Taylor  
Anne Eunice Moffett  
Adelaide M. Moffatt  
Margareta Strauss  
Seymour Woolner  
Flora Thayer  
Eleanor Scott Smith  
W. T. Murrab  
Edward B. Bedford  
Lois Donovan  
Sophie F. Mickle-Saltonstall  
Martha Hilpert  
Laura F. Lacey  
Albert Lucas  
Jean L. Holcombe  
Dorothy MacPherson  
Margaret Lee  
Earl R. K. Daniels  
Foster Milliken, Jr.  
Margaret Diggs  
Anna Grismold  
Retta Carmichael  
Plant  
Clara Kratz  
Gertrude Boland

#### DRAWINGS, 1.

Dorothy Douglas  
Emily G. Clark  
Alice I. Mackey  
John W. Overton  
Lucy Mancel  
Mildred Whitney  
Rosella Ackerman  
Beth May  
Helen Whitall Reading  
Alvin Schmuhl  
Florence DuBois  
Doris Ladd  
Adelaide Nichols  
Dora Guy  
Homer M. Smith  
Roy E. Hutchinson  
Henrietta Havens  
Edna Driscoll  
Slocum W. Kingsbury  
Peggie Guy  
Conelia Dawnes  
Elizabeth White  
Elizabeth MacLaren  
Robinson  
Jessie Louise Taylor  
Morris Schwartz  
Margaret Dobson  
Charlotte Waugh  
Alice Shirley Willis

#### PHOTOGRAPHS, 1.

Gertrude W. Richards  
Dorothy Andrews  
Gertrude M. Howland  
Robert Edward Fithian  
Harold G. Simpson  
Ada Rice  
E. A. Hecker  
Edward S. Bristol  
Edith Archer  
Frederic Allen  
Katherine A. Robertson  
Mary Singleton  
Mary Hunter  
Frederic U. Dillingham  
Elizabeth Clark  
Howard E. Settle  
Alfred Karr  
Janet E. Buchanan  
Gwendolen Perry

#### DRAWINGS, 2.

Rena Kellner  
Archibald MacKinnon  
Julia Lauren Ford  
Alice F. Lee  
Elizabeth Rodman  
Wright  
Donald V. Newhall  
Florence Webster  
Lucile W. Rogers  
Elizabeth E. Lord  
Clifford S. Ryan  
Ella Elizabeth Preston  
Ruth Cutler  
Robert W. Jenkins

#### PHOTOGRAPHS, 2.

Nellie Shane  
Theodore F. Kalbfleisch, Jr.  
F. W. Foster  
Christine McCordie

Carolyn W. Clarke  
Helen M. Phuller, Jr.  
J. Parsons Greenleaf  
Howard Rowton  
Ferdinand W. Haasis  
Dorothy Williams  
Mabel Whiteley  
J. C. Emerson, Jr.  
H. Earnest Bell

#### PUZZLE, 1.

Jerome Brockman  
Harold Brown  
Laetitia Vicle  
Phillip John Sexton  
Caroline C. Johnson  
E. Adelaide Hahn  
Florence Lowenhaupt  
Dorothy Cooke  
Elizabeth B. Berry  
Mary Angood  
Agnes R. Lane  
Katharine Lydia Shaw  
Alda Palmer  
Marion Horton  
Andree Mante  
Irene J. Graham  
Francis W. Wardle  
Edmund P. Shaw  
John Randolph Sanders  
Edna Krouse  
Russell S. Reynolds  
Arthur Minot Reed  
Dorothy Fay

#### PUZZLES, 2.

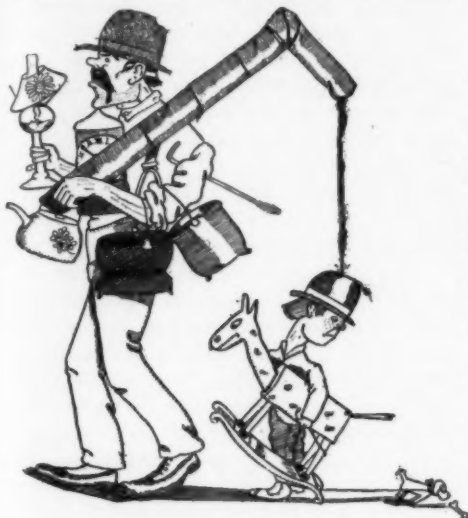
Emory A. Samson  
Perle L. McGrath  
Marcelite Watson  
Eastman Usher  
Lenore R. Dunlap  
Katharine E. Pratt  
Helen Brooks  
Mary J. Goddell  
Homer Walton  
George W. McAdam  
Harold Hazen  
Arthur S. Fairbanks  
Ruth M. Adt  
Margaret Klous  
G. Gilson Terriberry  
Marion L. Bradley  
Robert Beale  
Mary C. Smith  
Charlotte L. Eaton  
Esperance Gherardelli  
Allanson L. Schenk  
Katharine C. Miller  
Allan Lincoln Langley  
Charlotte Greene  
Stuart B. Taylor  
Mary Anna Yandes  
Minna Frances Hoffmann  
Gladys S. Bean  
Howard S. Bean  
Helen Wurdemann  
Andrew Bisset  
Theresa R. Robbins  
Fannie Louise McClure  
Ruth Lucille Grant  
Joseph Loughran  
William Allan Pitman, Jr.  
Arthur Gude  
Frank S. Dohnnan  
Rosamond Codman  
Edwina Higginson  
Alfred C. Redfield  
Margaret Bancroft  
Clive C. Hockmeyer  
Margaret E. Northoff  
Hilliard Constock  
Catharine E. Jackson  
Arthur J. White  
Josephine Holloway  
Burrell Thornton  
C. Powers Smith.

## LEAGUE NOTES.

(From an Old Friend and Prize Winner.)

DODSON, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending my last contribution to the League, for in a few days I shall be eighteen. I have been a member since the League's first year, and am so glad I was young enough then to have been able to stay such a long time. I cannot tell you how much pleasure and profit I have received from my



"MOVING-DAY IN MCGINNISVILLE."  
BY EDWARD ARMAND MCAVOY, AGE 15.

connection with the League, and how sorry I am to leave it. At least I shall always be interested in it, and shall feel at home in its pages, even though I have no part in them. You are certainly to be congratulated on the work the League is doing for young people. With all good wishes for its future, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

ISADORE DOUGLAS.

## A FAREWELL TO THE LEAGUE.

ISADORE DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

I AM troubled and sad as I wait by the shore  
While the tide slips in on the sands:  
I must leave this port with its peaceful life  
For the leap of the waves and the wind's fierce strife  
And voyage to distant lands.

My ship is built; she is made of my thoughts,  
And her sails are woven of dreams.  
She is fair, but wild are the gales that will blow,  
And the journey is long, for 'tis far to go  
Where the light of my haven gleams.

The mist hangs low in the gloom of the dawn  
Blotting the sky and the sea;  
So I cannot tell whether dark clouds are there  
Or whether the day will be clear and fair,  
Or what it will bring to me.

Yet I may not wait on this pleasant shore,  
But bravely sail away,  
Out through the dusk of the misty sea,  
Out where the winds blow strong and free,  
Into the dawning day.

Isadore Douglas began with the League early in 1900 and in September of that year won a silver badge, being then twelve years old. It was more than a year before another badge was won, though a faithful trial was made as regularly as the competitions came around. December, 1901, brought the gold badge



"GOOD-BYE, MAY."  
BY VIRGINIA HOIT,  
AGE 14.

and June, 1902, the cash prize, the winner being then fourteen years old. The efforts did not cease with this victory. Every month the dainty poems have been received and often used, for they were always well and conscientiously done; and one who has striven so faithfully and well as has Isadore Douglas, leaves in the League many friends besides the Editor to say, "God-speed"—as our young author's bark sails

"Out where the winds blow strong and free  
Into the dawning day."

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 80.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

**Competition No. 80** will close **June 20** (for foreign members **June 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, to contain the word "Forest."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A Camp Adventure."

**Photograph.** Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Picnic Party."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "Fisherman's Luck" and a Heading or Tailpiece for October.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle-answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

**Wild Animal or Bird Photograph.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

## RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
Union Square, New York.

## NOTICE

Lost or damaged League badges will be replaced free of charge. This does not apply to the gold and silver prize badges. These cannot be replaced.



## BOOKS AND READING.

### IT BEGINS WITH V.

It seems as if we had somewhere heard a word that vaguely suggests a vacuum—a state of things in which the days were entirely exhausted of school. If we remember aright, the word begins with the syllable *va*, and then comes one that sounds like *ca*. “Vacation?” Yes; that’s right. It does seem as if there was something of that sort that will soon be here, and then alas, for the poor books! For as much as a day or two, at least, and possibly in some cases for a week, the very sight of a book will have an unpleasant effect upon the expression of most of the boys and girls in this proud nation, the ringing of whose school-bells never ceases. But, still, although it is the month of June, and although vacation is nearly here, we are going to venture to slip in a word or two of warning lest in packing your trunks for a sojourn at high latitudes, near sea level, in woods, or by the lakes, you forget your good old friends, the books.

Of course, in the rosy visions now before your minds, there are no other days than the bright, sunny, outdoor ones; no other evenings than those of jolly games and pleasant talks. But, in reality, there will be grey days when the rain follows its usual custom of coming down; there will be long evenings when a little solitude will be forced upon you, or, maybe, welcomed; and for such times there is no better refuge than to creep between the open pages of a book and to lose the outer world, letting it spin by until it brings a pleasant side round again.

### A LETTER DIARY.

THERE was published a few years ago by a former army officer a bright little book containing general instructions “How to Camp Out.” Together with much that was purely practical, relating to how to dress, what food to carry, how to make camp, build a fire, and so on, there was a useful suggestion in regard to letters home. Instead of keeping a formal diary, the officer advises young people while upon a vacation to write an account every evening or two of the happenings of their days, and then to mail these

daily extracts home, instead of the regulation letter. By writing upon a pad, the leaves of such a diary can later be brought together, and, if numerous enough, made into a little book that will be a permanent record of a camping expedition, a canoe journey, a mountain trip, or a coast voyage. Perhaps some of our readers who are fortunate enough to have in mind a pleasant outing for this summer will be glad of this hint for combining letter-writing with diary-keeping—making both more easy.

### FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

WE do not often in this department make any reference to our own magazine, but we hope that you will be glad if we remind you to have your magazine sent after you to your summer home. Instead of there being no time for reading during the summer you will find that there are a very large number of days for improving a few spare minutes now and then, and a magazine fits delightfully into the chinks that must intervene between your daylight outings and your evening reading through the summer months.

### BOYS WHO ARE THOUGHT DULL.

IF there were no other reason for reading biographies, boys who are thought stupid ought to take up courses in the lives of great men, in order that they might be encouraged to think they would amount to something in the world. Over and over again, in beginning the life of a man of genius or talent who has attained eminence in later years, we are assured that the neighbors or his family or his teachers could see no sign of talent in the youngster. To name only a few, there was little promise found in Napoleon, who, later, amounted to a great deal; in Chatterton, who was certainly a genius, even if he was foolish enough to forge works of antiquity instead of writing under his own name; and in Goldsmith, who passed year after year in a recurring, steady succession of failures. It is especially striking in reading the early life of Napoleon, to see how persistently he failed in nearly all his undertakings until he was well above twenty.

Of course there are thousands of stupid boys

who never attain greatness; but boys who are called stupid always may doubt the justice of the popular verdict if they feel within themselves the power to do good work in the world. Instead of being discouraged by the low estimate of their abilities, boys who are thought dull ought to be glad that little is expected of them and therefore rejoice that they are at liberty to do slow, careful, good work in whatever they undertake. They are not bound to push off masterpieces at a moment's notice. Indeed, it is of little importance what the world thinks of the abilities of young people. This much we are taught by biographies.

**FOR SOLID  
READING.**

WHEN, in our days, we see authors producing a book that sells thousands of copies for about the time of the life of a butterfly and is then heard of no more, it is interesting to recall the long, even life of such a work as Gibbon's History of the slow downfall of the great Roman Empire. In preparation for that work, Gibbon read nearly everything that had a bearing upon his subject—a whole library, in fact; and, surely, if any man was fitted by experience to tell us how to read, this English historian should be. He had a most useful rule applying to the reading of each new book of importance. Just before taking it up, he would go for a walk into the country in the outskirts of Lausanne, where much of his work was done. During this ramble, he made it his duty to go carefully over his memory, examining what he already had in mind upon the topic treated by the new book. Thus he was ready to extend or to correct the knowledge he possessed. Then he would ask himself just what he expected to gain by the reading of the new volume. After the book was finished, another walk enabled him to find out what he had gained by its reading.

Of course, all this system would not be necessary except for the most improving reading, but Gibbon's account of his method will help us to understand why he became so famed for learning and so thorough a scholar.

**THE QUINTES-  
SENCE.**

YOUNG people must, every now and then, hear it said or see it written that all the real value in literature can be put upon a small shelf. That is to say,

the really important part of all that is written is contained in a very few good books, all the rest being either unimportant or different ways of saying the same things that have been said before. The statement of course is not true if it be taken literally. There are certainly many hundreds, perhaps many thousands, of books that contain original thoughts or experiences that are truly valuable; but, generally speaking, the best part of all that has been written is to be found in a few volumes. To understand how this is possible, we must remember that nearly all rules are the same as other and simpler rules. In arithmetic, for example, the whole science consists of only four simple ways of treating numbers. We can add, subtract, multiply and divide, and that is all we can do to numbers. The rest of the book is only the working out of these four rules. Thus, all of the arithmetic could easily be put into a little page that one could carry in the vest-pocket.

All behavior, all right living, is also set forth in a few simple laws. These illustrations will show what is meant by saying that all literature is contained in a few great books. The Bible, and the works of a few famous poets and essayists, contain all human wisdom; and these are within the reach of every purse.

**GO ABROAD.**

WE recommend all of our young readers to spend this summer abroad. We see no reason why any of you should stay at home going through the same old humdrum round. Remember that it is vacation time, that you are free to go away from your home surroundings and to become acquainted with new lands, new scenes, new people, new ways of thinking.

It may well be that there are reasons preventing you from taking one very valuable part of your possessions, namely, yourself. But there is nothing to prevent any of you from going, as the boys say, "in your mind," to Rome, Venice, Florence, Paris, London, and becoming acquainted with the people who have made old times glorious, old ruins famous, old fields of battle sacred. So, we repeat, be sure that you send at least your imagination on a foreign trip. Get away from the old reading ruts, cross the seas either of water or of time, and breathe a different air.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

BOZEMAN, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you and like you very much. I like your letter box very much too. I thought I would write and tell you about my dogs. I drive them side by side and tandem. When I drive them tandem, the dog I drive in the wheel is named Carlo, and the

the town died out. There are the ruins of an old jail here. I have a camera, and I hope some time to get a picture of a wild animal or bird suitable to win a prize in the "St. Nicholas League."

Wishing you the best success, I remain,

Your faithful reader,  
GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS, 2nd.



MARJORIE AND HER DOGS.

other is named Baskerville. Sometimes I drive a little dog in the lead, whose name is Nattie Bumpo. I drive them to a sled but I am going to have a cart soon for spring is coming and the snow is almost gone.

Your little reader, MARJORIE QUAW (age 10).

P. S. I send you a picture of myself driving the dogs, side by side.

DADEVILLE, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old.

My home is way down in Alabama.

My Grandpapa gave me your magazine for a Christmas present and I have enjoyed reading the two numbers so much.

I like the wild animal stories best of all and "The Story of a Rogue" was fine, I think.

I hope to read your magazine for many years yet.

I think I shall try for one of your prizes.

I am, sincerely, Your little friend and reader,  
C. WOOD HERREN.

MESILLA, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not taken you a year yet, but I am very fond of you; and my sister took you about twelve years ago. I am naturally interested in "Pinkey Perkins," as it was written by my cousin. I live in an old town, over half of which is adobe houses in ruins. This town is just half a mile from the Rio Grande River; and the name of it is Mesilla, which means "Little Table." The old Santa Fe trail used to run through here. It also used to be the largest town in the whole Territory of New Mexico, but at the time the railroad was built a man drove a stage route, and he persuaded all the land-holders not to sell the land to the railroad, so it was built three miles the other side, and

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy, nine years old, living in Shanghai, China. My father is the American Consul-General here. My real home is in Columbus, Ohio. I have taken you ever since I can remember. There are several other children here that say they have taken you too. There is a pagoda near us, and once we went up the river to it. We went through a monastery, and saw 500 little gods and a few big josses. The priests have 12 holes burned in their heads and wear no queue. The Chinese around this pagoda were all very dirty and were all begging.

The Viceroy from Nanking is here, because we have been having riots. There is a Duke here, who is going with the High Commissioners to America and around the world.

We can ride in a ricksha one mile for two and a half cents gold. You could ride on a wheelbarrow for a few cash a mile. A cash is a twentieth of a U. S. cent.

Your faithful reader,

JIM RODGERS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old and have just begun to take you. I have a brother seven years old, and he loves to sketch faces. Sometime he is going to send one to you.

We live in the woods of West Wrentham in the summer. It is so quiet in the night there, except for the whippoorwills. The scarlet tanager eats the huckle-berries on the bush by the dining-room window.

I will be glad when you come again.

Your friend,  
FRANCES WOODWORTH WRIGHT.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Grandma in St. Louis has had you bound since 1880, but my brother Ralph and I have only started to take you this year. We live in Chicago, but are spending the winter in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. There are many walks and drives here in the mountains.

We both like "Pinkey Perkins" and "From Sioux to Susan."

Your little friend,  
LOUISE JEFFERSON (age 7½).

Other interesting letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Marie Lebowitz, Mildred Gilbert, Samuel White, Jr., Esther Filas, Hattie Tolbachnick, Jenette Rosenthal, Gusta Levy, Robert M. Livingston, Elsa Cornelia Schenck, Malcolm Wall, Philip Maynard Morgan, Maryanne Steger, Raymond A. Palmer, Eva Welch, Marie E. Willcox, Frank B. Large, Edith Lea Cowgill.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

CHARADE. Mock, a sin; Moccasin.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Washington.

DIAGONAL. 1. Christmas. 2. Companion. 3. Chemistry. 3.  
Christian. 4. Ultimatum. 5. Soapstone. 6. Spiritual. 7.  
Sportsman. 8. Perpetual. 9. Smartness.

PERPENDICULARS. Columns 1. and 2. George Washington;  
3. and 4. Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Gusty. 2. Badly.  
3. Ether. 4. Aboil. 5. Olive. 6. Arena. 7. Ranch. 8. Catch.  
9. Gages. 10. Whoop. 11. Eaten. 12. Daily. 13. Whole.  
14. Amend. 15. Annex.

A HIVE OF BEES. 1. B-rag. 2. B-ill. 3. B-read. 4. B-end.  
5. B-risk. 6. B-eat. 7. B-ark. 8. B-lack. 9. B-low.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Taylor. "Old Zach;" finals, "Rough and Ready." Cross-words: 1. Teacher. 2. Ago. 3. You. 4. Long. 5. Oilcloth. 6. Russia. 7. Onion. 8. Livid. 9. Dinner. 10. Zone. 11. Arena. 12. Candid. 13. Handy.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Carolyn L. Palmer—Jo and I—Nessie and Freddie—"Allil and Adi"—Agnes Rutherford—"Chuck"—Florence Alvarez—Prue K. Jamieson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE BINARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from J. Little, 1—E. P. Shaw, 3—M. Ferguson, 1—H. B. Baldwin, 1—H. Jones, 1—"Flora McFimney," 3—E. Smiley, 1—J. McMartin, 1—E. Mertz, 1—L. Guick, 1—R. Gould, 1—J. McK. Sanford, 1—Edna Meyle, 6—D. K. Ford, 1—D. Baker, 3—Philip Stone, 5—M. V. Whitney, 3—E. King, 1—S. P. Johnston, 1—E. S. Wibby, 1—C. Shanks, 1—M. Goldthwait, 1—H. I. Shapiro, 1—D. Wilson, 1—L. A. Benjamin, 1—Carolyn Hutton, 4—Mary Louise Douglas, 7—Enid Pendleton, 7—A. M. Beatty, 1—"Duluth," 9—A. C. Clement, 1—Dorothy S., 1—Muriel von Tuzelmann, 8—Harriet Bingham, 9—Helen S. and Nellie C., 4—Franklin Mohr, 4—Cecil H. Smith, 4—Jolly Juniors, 3—Elizabeth Delo, 7—Philip Blake, 3—Dorothy F. Herod, 4—Irene Mesereau, 10—Andrée Mante, 5—Shirley Dashiell, 1—M. S. Schmalig, 3—M. V. Ward, 1—D. Yeaton, 1—C. F. Yeaton, 1.

### CHARADE.

My *first* 's a certain kind of pen ;

My *last* we all were once;

And if you don't agree with me

You're *total*—and a dunce!

HELEN E. SIBLEY.

**WORD-SQUARE.**

1. Something used to hold two or more pieces together. 2. A daughter of Poseidon. 3. Amidst. 4. To chop fine. 5. Serving-boys.

### ENTOMOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I am composed of forty-four letters and form the first line of a well-known poem.

My 8-19-24<sup>2</sup> is a stinging insect; it makes its home in a 13-41-31-37. My 29-15-23-13-30-28 is a savage insect. My 9-13-14 is an industrious insect. My 34-20-38-13-35 is the male of the honeybee. My 1-38-36-11-35-23 is the drudge of the hive. My 29-6-13-35-44 is a sweet substance that we owe to the bees. My 16-22-39-40 dreaded by housekeepers. My 16-12-43-4-35-20 is another name for the same insect. My 10-7-13-19 is a kind of moth. My 11-25-28-5-34-2-27 is an insect that may be heard on autumn evenings. My 24-33-31-18-22-36-16 is a larva, valuable to commerce. My 31-18-

CHARADE. John-quill; jonquïl.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "A good heart is worth gold."

**NOVEL ACROSTIC.** Primals, California; finals, Sacramento; from 1 to 16, Beautiful Scenery. Cross-words: 1. Cycles. 2. Africa. 3. Lithic. 4. Impair. 5. Fecula. 6. Osmium. 7. Rattle. 8. Notion. 9. Impart. 10. Akimbo.

SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Clasp. 2. Later. 3. Alone.

4. Sends.	5. Press.	II. 1. Force.	2. Ocean.	3. React.	4.
Cache.	5. Enter.	III. 1. S.	2. Bet.	3. Sepia.	4. Tie.
IV. 1. E.	2. Pat.	3. Eaves.	4. Tea.	5. S. V. 1. Arises.	VI. 1.
Retire.	3. Italic.	4. Silent.	5. Eringo.	6. Sector.	VII. 1. S.
2. Ice.	3. Scant.	4. End.	5. T.	VII. 1. R.	2. Boa.
Rough.	4. Age.	5. H. VIII.	1. Adapt.	2. Donor.	3. Angle.
4. Polka.	5. Treat.	IX. 1. Heart.	2. Error.	3. Arise.	4.
Roses.	5. Treas.				

26-27-35-36 is an insect which figures in Scottish history. My 42-21-17 is the prey of that insect. My 16-9-36-44-29-38-1-12-39-37 is the name of the author of the quotation on which this puzzle is based.

MARJORIE L. WARD.

### DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Adorns. 2. Rubbish remaining from the destruction of anything. 3. One of the colors of the spectrum. 4. The game hunted with hawks. 5. To appoint. 6. A playing. 7. A covering for the floor. 8. To confer orally with an enemy. 9. The son of a king. 10. A large wasp. 11. Fright.

Zigzag, from 1 to 2, a name famous in English literature; Zigzag from 3 to 4, the title of a book by this writer. JEAN C. FREEMAN (League Member).